

BLUE BOLT ★ EDISON BELL ★ THE TWISTER

October

Featuring:

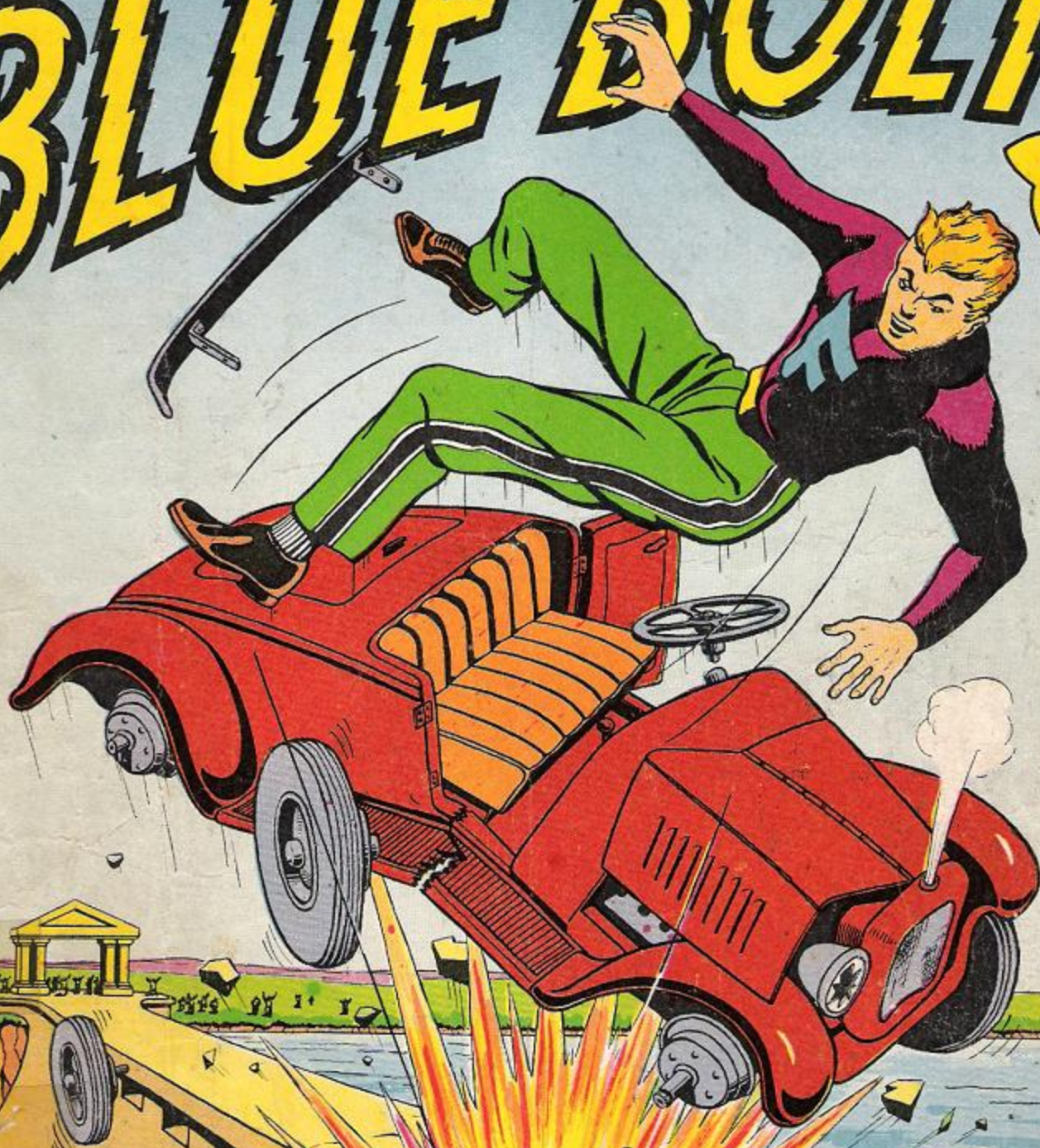
DICK COLE

# BLUE BOLT

10¢

BLUE

BOLT



AS DICK COLE'S CAR RACED ACROSS THE DAM,  
HIS RIVAL, SIMBA, EXPLODED THE DYNAMITE!

Vol. 2  
No. 5





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# YE EDITORS' PAGE

\$1<sup>00</sup> FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$1<sup>00</sup>

Dear Readers:

By now most of you have had a good month's vacation from school and the editors presume that you have been able to catch up on your comic-book reading. Those who were undecided before may know by now which comic magazine they like best. The editors, of course, hope that your decision will be for **BLUE BOLT**. However, if you have any ideas for stories that you think should be in **BLUE BOLT** that are not there now, won't you write and suggest what you have in mind.

Cordially,  
The Editors

Dear Editors:

My friend and I didn't know how to make a kite until we saw the one in "Edison Bell". We like the useful articles which he tells how to make as well as those advertised on the cover.

One time we had a birthday party and didn't have a game to play, but then a friend said, "Let's read **BLUE BOLT**", which turned out to be a lot of fun.

Yours truly,  
Danny Anderson  
Elk River, Minnesota

—(The editors like to receive more letters from readers making "Edison Bell" inventions. Please let us know whether or not you want the invention page continued.)

Gentlemen:

I bought my first **BLUE BOLT** and read the letters on Ye Editors' Page and I disagree with some of them. I think that "The Super Horse" is just as good as can be. I like all the stories in the book, and I think "Edison Bell" is educational.

That idea of a complete "Dick Cole" magazine is a good one. I do not say that **BLUE BOLT** is the best of all, but it is one of the best.

Yours very truly,  
Floyd Blake  
Cape Girardeau, Missouri

—(The editors will not relax until **BLUE BOLT** is the very best of all, Floyd.)

Dear Sir:

I have read a great many comic books but out of them all I like **BLUE BOLT** the best because of the interesting stories which it contains. Like a lot of other readers, my favorite character is "Dick Cole". I suggest "Dick Cole" because he is a typical American boy and he always fights on the right side of the law. I also enjoy reading such stories as "Blue Bolt", "The Phantom Sub", "Sub Zero", and "The Twister". I would suggest taking out the comic strip "Krisco and Jasper" because

I think that in such a good book as **BLUE BOLT** it is out of place. May I extend my congratulations to you on your magazine.

Yours truly,  
William Everhort  
Johnstown, Pennsylvania

—(The majority of **BLUE BOLT** readers feel that a comic strip is necessary for a well rounded magazine, Bill, and since **BLUE BOLT** is liked because of the variety of its contents, "Krisco and Jasper" would be missed if taken out.)

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

If Dick Cole and Simba were made wonder boys with the same formula, why can Dick beat Simba? And in "Sub Zero" how can a shaft of ice split a sidewalk? But all in all I must admit **BLUE BOLT** is a fine comic.

Yours truly,  
Eddie Terrell  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

—(Answering your questions, Eddie, when two people of equal intelligence and strength engage in a contest wherein one's motives are for good and other's for evil, right will always triumph over wrong. If cold is sufficiently intense, it will shatter almost any object including concrete.)

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I think "The Twister" is swell. He is something different and new. "Sergeant Spook" is fantastic but he is good.

It would be swell if something would happen to Simba so that he would be for the good, and he and Dick Cole could have a special comic and fight crime together.

Yours truly,  
Ronald K. Swanson  
Mitchell, South Dakota

In answer to your suggestion, Ronald, about Dick Cole and Simba, you will want to see the next issue of **BLUE BOLT**.)

ONE DOLLAR WILL BE SENT TO THE WRITER OF EACH LETTER PUBLISHED ON YE EDITORS' PAGE. ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO **BLUE BOLT**, 292 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, NEW YORK



# DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY!

By  
Bob Davis

DICK AND EDDIE MARCH, HAVING COMPLETED A SUMMER SOJOURN ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, ARE TRAVELLING BACK TO FARR M.A. VIA A CROSS-COUNTRY HORSE-BACK ROUTE, AND ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO A LAST CAREFREE WEEK BEFORE SCHOOL BEGINS AGAIN....

AFTER A WEEK OF TRAVEL, THE BOYS ARE ROUGHING IT THROUGH THE TENNESSEE HILLS. SUDDENLY A CLATTER OF HOOFS, AHEAD, ATTRACTS THEIR ATTENTION....

YOU KNOW, THIS IS THE FEUDING COUNTRY WE'RE IN NOW, BABY... DOWN HERE THEY'LL POP YOU IF THEY DISLIKE THE TOBACCO YOU CHAW!

WHO CHAWS TOBACCO? NOT ME, BABY.... HEY-LOOK-AHEAD!

WOW-!  
IS THAT GAL GALLOPING !!

GIDDAP, NELL!

A STREAK OF BROWN DASHES ONTO THE LONELY ROAD - RICH BLONDE HAIR SWIRLS IN THE BREEZE....





SUDDENLY TWO EVIL-LOOKING CHARACTERS  
RACE OUT OF AN OLD SHACK AHEAD —  
DIRECTLY INTO THE GIRL'S PATH ....



AMAZED,  
DICK BREAKS  
INTO A FAST  
GALLOP ....

REACHING THE SCENE, HE  
PLUNGES TO THE  
GROUND ....

HEY-YOU  
BIRDS!

G'DAP.  
BOY!

HEY!



SNATCHING THE SHOULDER OF ONE MAN, HE FLINGS HIM ASIDE...

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? YOU—

HEY—?

OH—!  
WHO'S THIS?

YOU, TOO!  
TAKE THAT!

SOCK!

YOU  
SCRUBBY  
WRETCH!

ABRUPTLY, A WILD,  
ENRAGED, SCREAM  
CUTS THE AIR....

WHERE IN THE  
NAME OF SAM-HILL  
DID HE COME  
FROM?

HO-LY  
FRANCIS—!!

YOU HILL-BILLY!  
WHAT'S THE IDEA?  
GET OUTTA THERE!

YOU CRACKER-BARREL MOUNTAINEER!  
HAVEN'T YOU GOT EYES IN YOUR HEAD??  
WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING?

SAY— HE  
LOOKS  
FAMILIAR—!

WHAT  
IN—?

FRANTIC FIGURES  
APPEAR FROM EVERYWHERE....

WOW—! CAN  
THAT KID  
SLUG!

LOOK— YOU  
DOPE! LOOK!

I KNOW HIM! IT'S THE  
WONDER-BOY! DICK COLE!  
DICK—!

WELL—I'LL BE—  
MOVIES—!

DICK!



SUDDENLY DICK RECOGNIZES THE GIRL—  
BETTY LEE—THE MOVIE STARLET!!

BETTY LEE!  
YOU!

DICK! I  
HAVEN'T SEEN YOU  
SINCE YOU WERE IN  
HOLLYWOOD!  
GOSH!

WHAT'S  
THIS?



AT THIS MOMENT, A CAR RUSHES UP;  
A HUGE IMPORTANT-LOOKING MAN  
LEAPS OUT....

WHERE'S THE YOKEL  
THAT BUSTED INTO THAT  
SCENE! **GANGWAY!**



HE PUSHES THROUGH THE CROWD.  
THEN STOPS DEAD....

BEAT ME, DADDY! IT'S  
DICK COLE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

MR. MALCOLM! THE  
DIRECTOR! **MAL!**

MAL-MAL!  
LOOK WHO'S  
HERE!



GEE—I'M  
GLAD TO  
SEE YOU!

DICK! YOU FANCY  
LITTLE SQUIRT!



YOU LEFT HOLLYWOOD LAST  
SUMMER—SWORE TO COME  
BACK—AND DIDN'T! I SHOULD  
SMACK YOUR EARS OFF!!

FOR A FEW MOMENTS, THE REUNION RUNS HIGH.... THEN DICK  
INTRODUCES EDDIE TO HIS FRIENDS.... MALCOLM CALLS OFF WORK FOR  
THE DAY, AND ALL START FOR THE NEARBY TOWN....

WE'RE ON LOCATION OUT HERE—  
MAKING MY NEW PICTURE....

I SEE—

I WANTED YOU FOR MORE STUNTS  
THIS SUMMER, KID! HOW ABOUT  
A COUPLE TOMORROW?

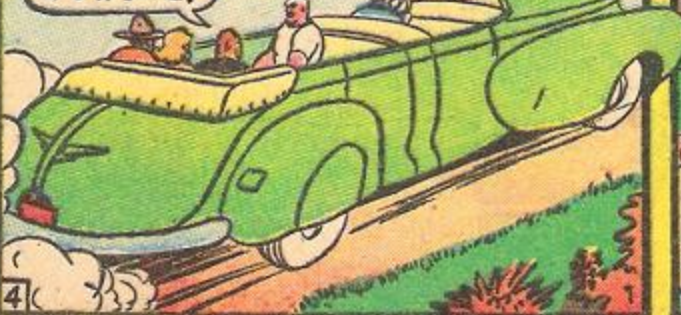
SURE—!  
GREAT!



THE BOYS' HORSES ARE TETHERED  
IN THE STUDIO STABLE FOR  
THE NIGHT....

I'M GOING TO BLOW YOU KIDS TO  
DINNER AND A HOTEL FOR THE NIGHT...  
THEN TOMORROW, DICK, YOU PAY OFF  
WITH A COUPLE OF STUNTS! OUR STUNT  
MAN IS SICK AS A PUP—CAN'T USE  
HIM!

IT'S A DEAL!



THAT NIGHT JUST AFTER SUNDOWN, SIMBA AND RAYTON,  
TRAVELLING EAST THEMSELVES, HAPPEN INTO THE TOWN....

WELCOME BETTY LEE !!

WELCOME  
UNITED STUDIOS

YEAH! LET'S  
STOP OVER!

HEY! WHAT GIVES?  
LOOKS LIKE A MOVIE  
COMPANY IS  
IN TOWN!





AT THE HOTEL, RAYTON SPOTS DICK'S NAME ON THE REGISTER....

DICK COLE? IS HE HERE!! - AT THIS HOTEL?

YUP! THE WONDER-BOY, THEY CALL HIM! GONNA DO SOME STUNTS FOR THE MOVIE PEOPLE TOMORROW! BIG DOINGS!

HOLY CATS! THE BOOGY-BOY, AGAIN!



UPSTAIRS -

DICK COLE! DICK COLE! EVERYWHERE I GO I SEE THAT TWIRP! I'M GONNA DO SOMETHING DESPERATE!

TAKE IT EASY! TOMORROW WE'LL GO OUT AND LOOK THE LAND OVER! MAYBE WE CAN FOUL HIM UP SOMEHOW!



THE NEXT DAY THE WHOLE COUNTY TURNS OUT TO SEE THE FAMOUS MOVIE COMPANY STRUT THEIR STUFF.... IT IS A GALA DAY!!

C'MON EVERYBODY!

THEY'RE GONNA DO A STUNT IN CARTER'S CANYON!

VIPPEE!

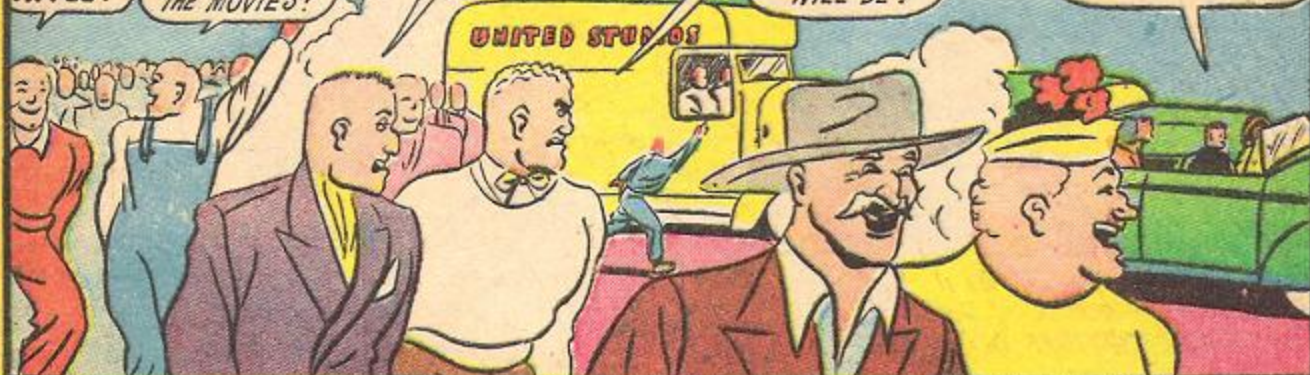
HOO-RAY FOR THE MOVIES!

THERE GOES YOUR BOY-FRIEND, SIMBA - RIDING IN STATE!

TOOT-TOOT!

YEAH-LOOK AT THE LITTLE PUNK! I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT IN ADVANCE WHAT THIS FIRST STUNT WILL BE!

GEE-WHAT A GREAT DAY!



ON LOCATION, MALCOLM GIVES DICK INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE STUNT....

NOW, DICK, SEE THAT DAM-LIKE BUSINESS WE'VE BUILT ACROSS THE CANYON? YOU'RE GOING TO DRIVE A CAR ACROSS THERE TO THE OTHER SIDE!



UH HUH -

QUIETLY, SIMBA EASES UP BEHIND THE TWO - LISTENS....

THERE'S A CHARGE OF DYNAMITE PLACED EVERY 50 FEET ACROSS THAT STRUCTURE; AND EACH ONE IS WIRED SO THAT IT WILL GO OFF JUST AFTER YOU PASS OVER IT! IT'S A DANGEROUS JOB - SO DRIVE PUL-ENTY FAST ACROSS THERE! GET IT, KID?

I GET IT!

SO DO I





HURRIEDLY, SIMBA RUNS TO THE HIDDEN SIDE OF THE STRUCTURE ....

IF I MOVE ONE OF THOSE CHARGES AHEAD A LITTLE -

IT'LL BLOW JUST AS COLE IS MOVING OVER IT!

AND WOULDN'T **THAT** BE FUNNY!

SNEAKING UP ON THE REAR SIDE OF THE STRUCTURE, SIMBA QUICKLY MOVES ONE BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE AHEAD ....

HO-HO! WILL THIS BE A SURPRISE!!

THERE! ALL SET!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, DICK IS GIVEN THE GO-AHEAD SIGNAL ....

OKAY!

GUN IT, DICK!

RIGHT!

**BOOM! BOOM!**

WOW!

I'VE GOT HIM!

COME ON, KID!

LOOK AT HIM GO!

GOSH! WAS THAT CLOSE!

BOY! I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE IN HIS SHOES!

WITH THE ACCELERATOR ON THE FLOOR, DICK ZOOMS THE CAR ACROSS THE NARROW STRUCTURE! DEAFENING EXPLOSIONS FOLLOW IN HIS WAKE - COLLAPSING THE GIANT DAM .... THE CROWD WATCHES BREATHLESSLY ....

CAMERA CREWS, ON SEPARATE PLATFORMS, SHOOT THE SCENE ....

SUDDENLY THE LATE CHARGE GOES OFF!

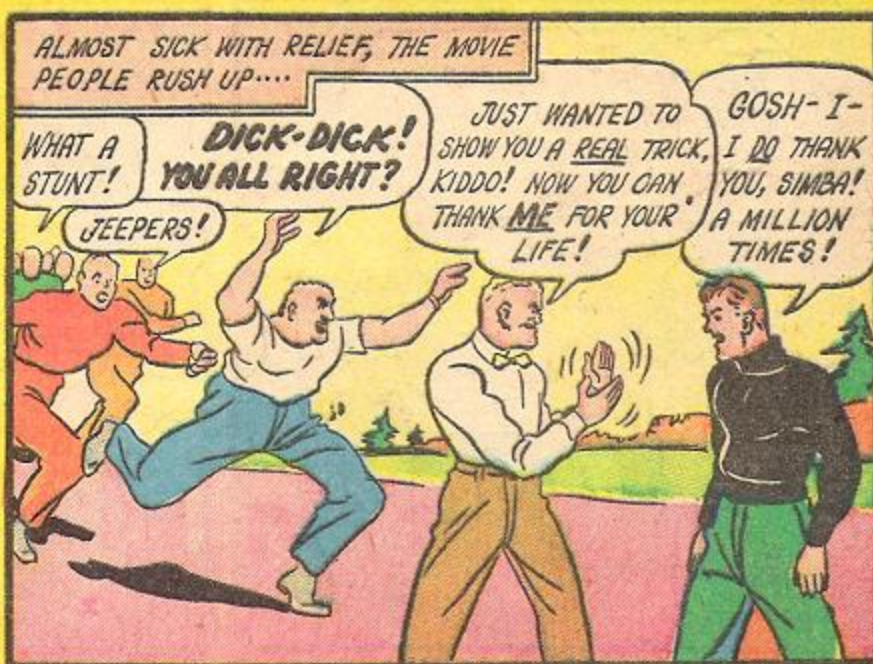
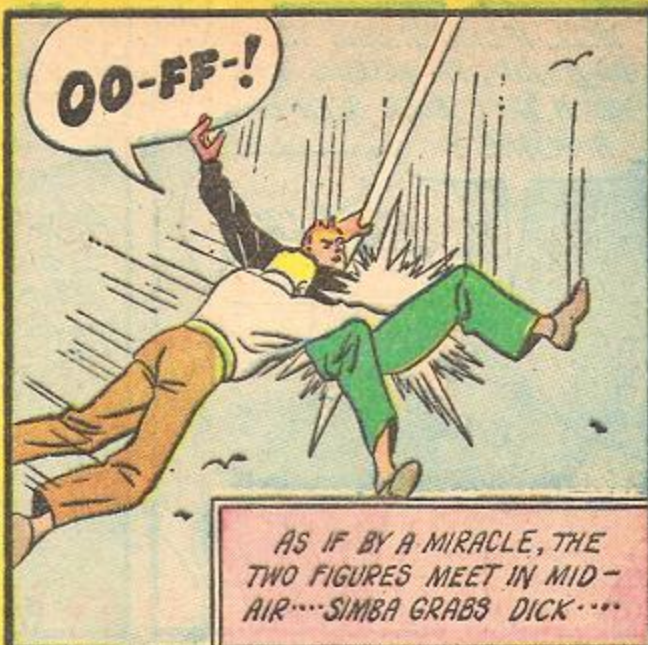
DICK'S CAR SOARS SKYWARD ....

FOR A MOMENT, HE IS SUSPENDED IN THE AIR! THEN HE BEGINS TO FALL ....

**BOOM!**

HOLY CATASTROPHE!







WELL, IF DICK THINKS YOU CAN DO IT, KID, I'M WILLING TO GIVE YOU A TRY! EVER BEEN UP IN A PLANE?

SURE! I'M A PIPE FOR 'EM!

OKAY - HERE'S THE STUNT... BETTY LEE IS TAKING THAT TAYLOR JOB UP AND STALLING THE LANDING GEAR HALF WAY OPEN... YOUR JOB IS TO CLIMB OUT OF ANOTHER PLANE - ONTO THE GEAR - AND RELEASE IT... GET IT?

SURE!

THERE'LL BE A CAMERA IN YOUR PLANE, SIMBA, SHOOTING YOU DURING YOUR ACT... NOW GET GOING!!

WISH US LUCK, DICK!

WITHIN A FEW MOMENTS, THE TWO PLANES TAKE OFF...

WHAT'S THE IDEA, DICK? THAT BUM -

HOLY CATS, EDDIE - HE JUST SAVED MY LIFE! MAYBE HE'S NOT SO BAD, AFTER ALL -

OKAY! EASE HER UP!

HIGHER!

AT 1500 FEET, THE TWO PLANES LEVEL OUT...

GOT IT!

QUICKLY, SIMBA REACHES FOR BETTY LEE'S LANDING GEAR...

HEY!

IT WON'T GO DOWN!

CLIMBING ONTO THE GEAR, SIMBA JOSTLES IT STRENUOUSLY...



THE PEOPLE ON THE GROUND  
WATCH ANXIOUSLY...

WELL, I'LL BE-!  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER?  
WHY-?

**MAL!**  
THAT GEAR  
IS REALLY  
STUCK!

NOW THEY  
CAN'T LAND!



DICK WHIRLS ON EDDIE...

SOMETHING  
MUST BE DONE!  
EDDIE, YOU CAN  
FLY A PLANE  
CAN'T YOU?

SURE,  
WHAT-?



YOU THINKING OF  
GETTING ONTO  
THAT OTHER  
WHEEL? YOU'RE...

**THAT'S  
RIGHT!  
C'MON!**



LEAPING INTO THE THIRD  
PLANE, THE TWO SHOOT  
INTO THE AIR...

**AH!** HERE'S A PARACHUTE!  
I THINK WE'LL NEED IT!



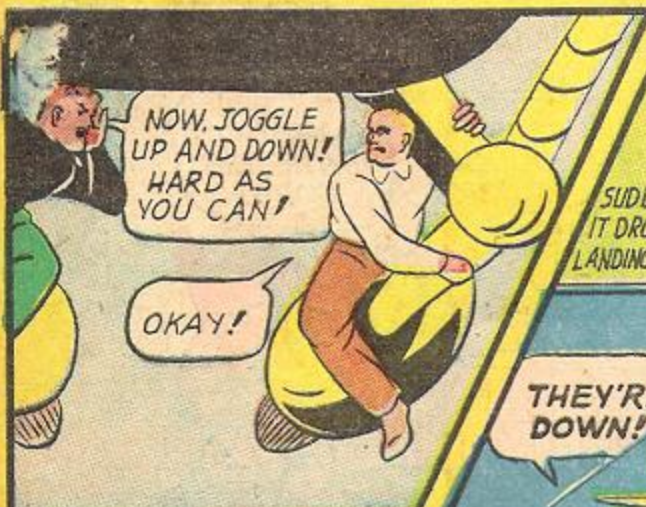
DICK-YOURE CRAZY!  
TWO ON THAT GEAR WILL  
OVERBURDEN THAT SMALL  
SHIP!

**HEY COLE!**  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
UP HERE? THE GEAR'S  
JAMMED!



MY EXTRA  
WEIGHT MAY  
PULL IT  
DOWN!

EASING UNDER  
BETTY LEE'S PLANE,  
DICK REACHES  
FOR THE OTHER  
WHEEL...



NOW, JOGGLE  
UP AND DOWN!  
HARD AS  
YOU CAN!

OKAY!

FOR A MOMENT THE GEAR  
STICKS, THEN IT BEGINS  
TO MOVE DOWNWARD...

SUDDENLY  
IT DROPS INTO  
LANDING POSITION.

**THEY'RE  
DOWN!**

OKAY, BUT  
OUR WEIGHT  
IS TOO MUCH.  
C'MON WITH ME!



**NO!  
NO!**

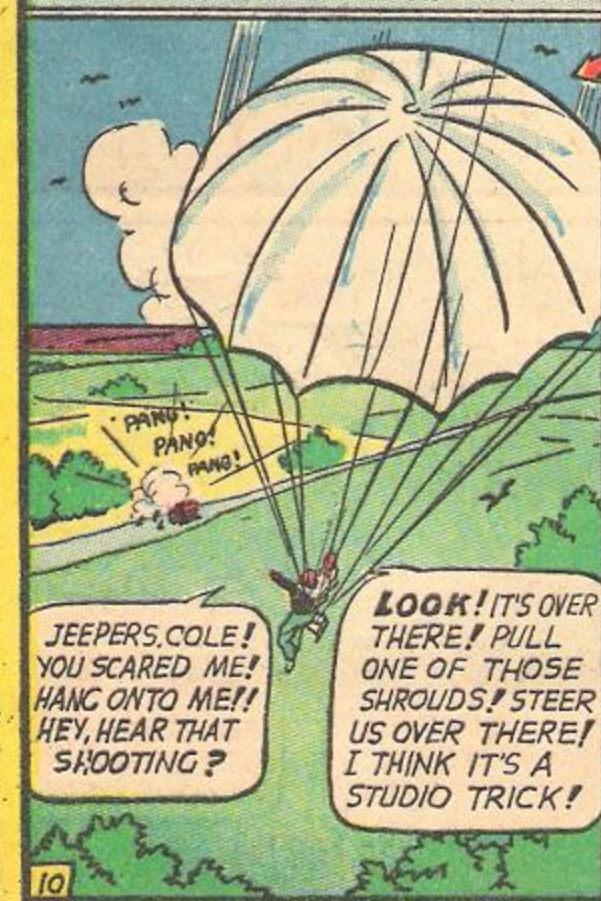
C'MON! BETTY  
MIGHT BOTCH  
THE LANDING  
WITH YOU ON  
THE RELEASE!  
SHE'S TOO  
NERVOUS NOW!





AS THEY FALL, DICK JERKS HIS PARACHUTE CORD ....

AS DICK AND SIMBA DESCEND TOWARD THE EARTH, THE VIOLENT SOUNDS OF THE SHOOTING ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION...



MEANWHILE, A FEW MILES AWAY, A STUDIO TRUCK IS HEADING FOR THE PICTURE LOCATION WITH THE STUDIO PAYROLL...AND THREE EVIL THUGS LIE IN AMBUSH FOR IT!

OH-H- HERE SHE COMES NOW. SHOOT FOR THE DRIVER!

- AND THE GUARD!

OKAY! LETS GET AT 'EM!

SUDDENLY THE THREE THUGS LEAP INTO THE OPEN - THEIR GUNS BARKING! IN A SECOND THE TRUCK IS STOPPED, ITS OCCUPANTS UNCONSCIOUS

STOP! HOLD UP THERE!

PETE! JUMP FOR THAT BACK DOOR!

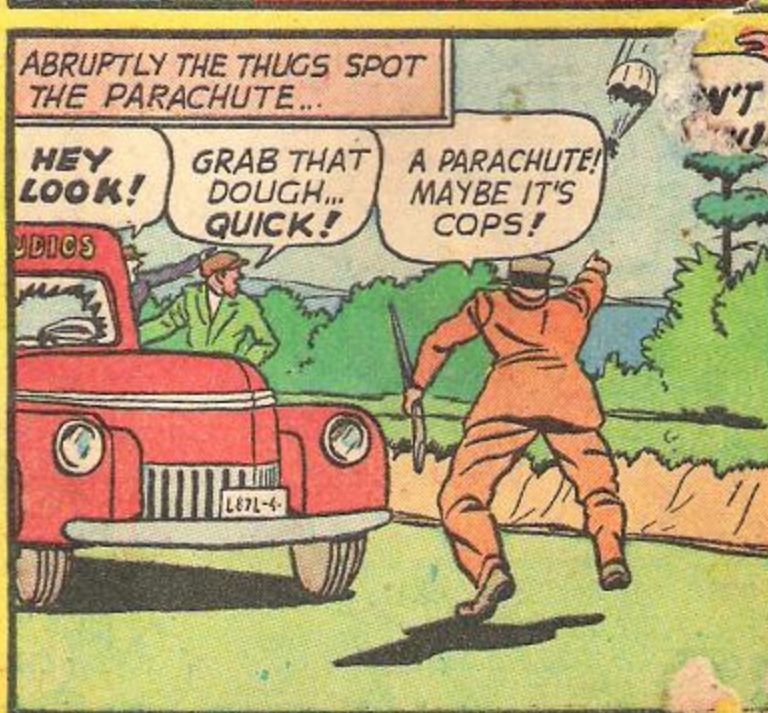


ABRUPTLY THE THUGS SPOT THE PARACHUTE...

HEY LOOK!

GRAB THAT DOUGH... QUICK!

A PARACHUTE! MAYBE IT'S COPS!





REACHING THE GROUND, THE TWO WONDER-BOYS RACE, SIDE BY SIDE, TOWARD THE THUGS...

IT'S A HOLD-UP, ALL RIGHT! MUST BE THE STUDIO'S PAYROLL TRUCK! C'MON!

THAT MALCOLM IS A GOOD GUY! LET'S RUIN THE PUNKS!!



LIKE TWO DEMONS, THE BOYS LUNGE AT THE ROBBERS!

ALL RIGHT—YOU MURDERERS!

SLOW UP!

AWK!



YEOW!

BITE THE DUST, MISTER!

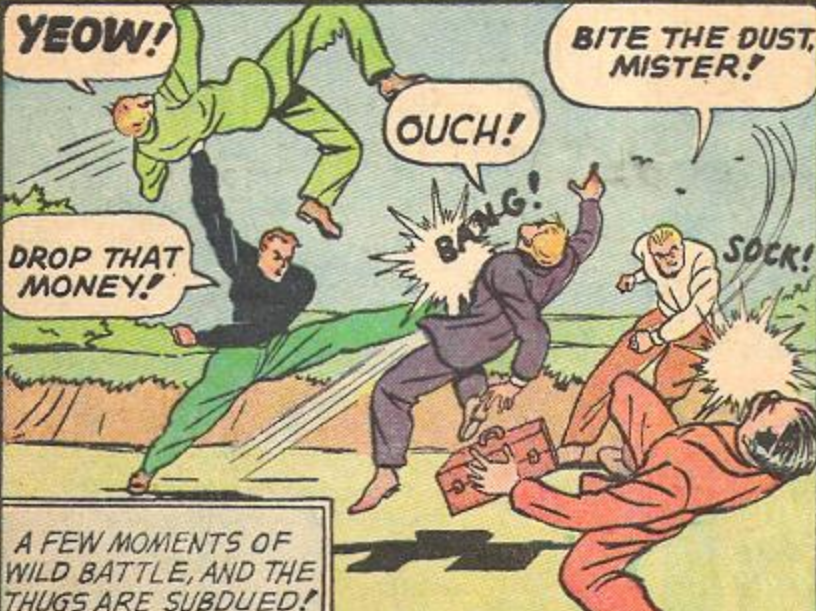
OUCH!

DROP THAT MONEY!

BANG!

SOCK!

A FEW MOMENTS OF WILD BATTLE, AND THE THUGS ARE SUBDUED!



WELL, THAT HANDLES THAT, SIMBA... LET'S CHUCK 'EM IN THE TRUCK AND GET BACK TO LOCATION!

RIGHT! SOME FIGHT-EH KID? BETWEEN US WE COULD LICK ANYBODY!



MOMENTS LATER, THEY ARRIVE AT LOCATION...

DICK-SIMBA! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT HAPPENED?

THREE THUGS TRIED TO ROB THE TRUCK! THEY'RE IN THE BACK NOW!

THEY GOT MIXED UP IN THE SHOOTING!

WOW! PARACHUTES! ROBBERS!



THE NEXT DAY, THE EXCITEMENT OVER... THE FOUR FARR STUDENTS PART TO MAKE SEPARATE TRIPS BACK TO SCHOOL... THERE IS A STRANGE, UNFAMILIAR FRIENDLINESS TO THEIR PARTING...

SO LONG, EDDIE AND DICK!! SEE YOU BACK ON THE CAMPUS!

SO LONG, SIMBA! WE'LL BE THERE IN A WEEK! SO-LONG RAYTON!

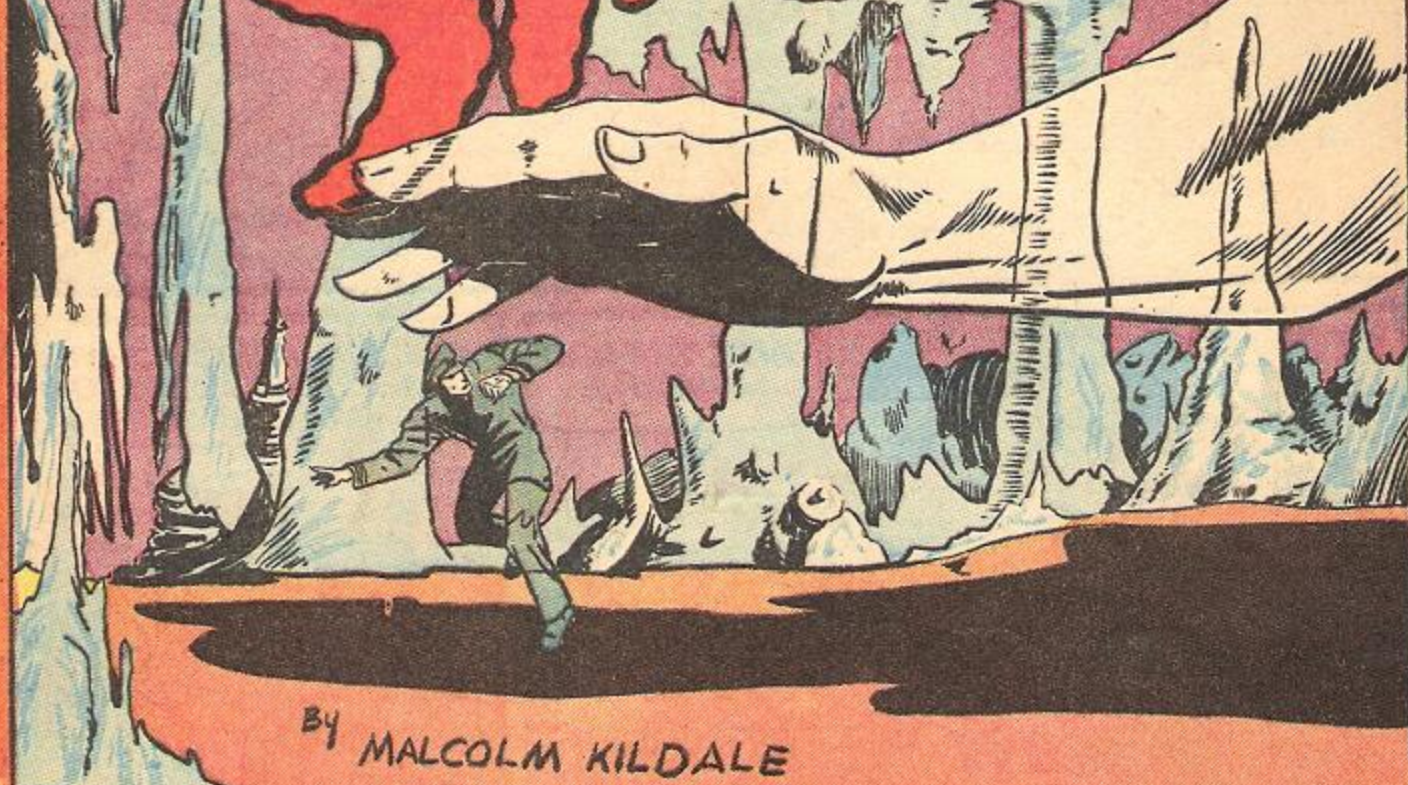


WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO SIMBA? HAS HE SUDDENLY TURNED INTO A GOOD FELLOW? IT SEEMS HARD TO BELIEVE

MORE - IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **BLUE BOLT!**



# Sergeant SPOOK



By MALCOLM KILDALE

**S**ERGEANT SPOOK HAS COME UPON A GHOST CYCLOPS, WHO IS ON A TOUR OF DESTRUCTION IN THE MORTAL WORLD. SPOOK TEMPORARILY BLINDED THE CYCLOPS WITH A SNOWBALL AND LEAPED ON HIS FOOT WITH THE HOPE OF STAYING WITH THE BRUTE AND SUBDUING HIM WITH CUNNING LATER ON...

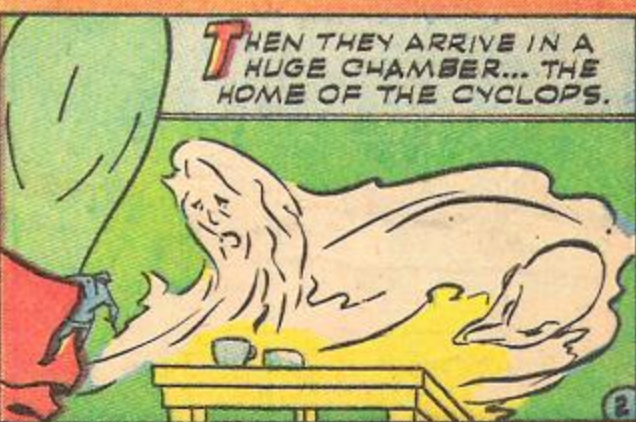
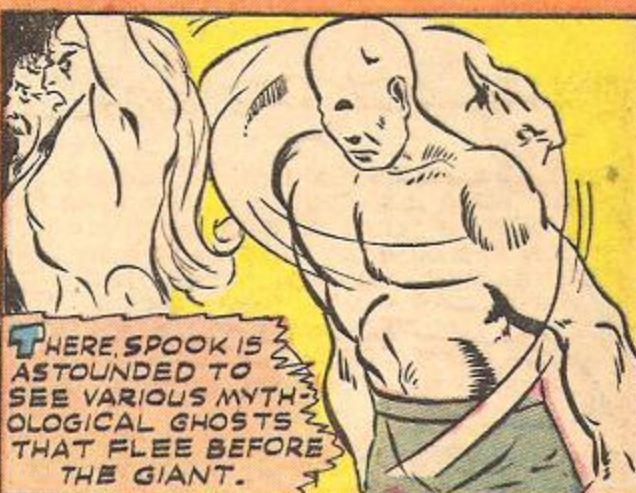
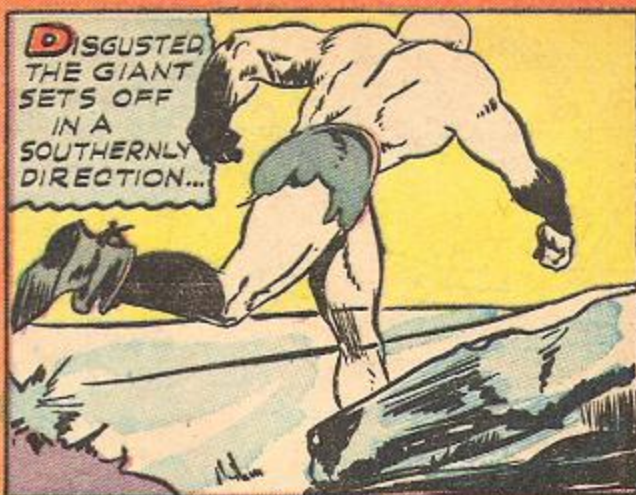
BOY... IF THIS BIRD KNEW I WAS ON HIS FOOT!



The BRUTE ROARS IN RAGE BECAUSE HE CAN'T FIND SPOOK AND STARTS UPROOTING TREES

**F**INALLY THE CYCLOPS' EYESIGHT IS RESTORED AND HE LOOKS FOR SPOOK.









WITH A ROAR, THE BRUTE SITS DOWN AND DEMANDS HIS MEAL...

FOOD!  
FOOD!



WEIRD SPIRIT-FORMS  
SERVE HIM  
IN TERROR.



GUESS I  
SHOULD GO  
INTO ACTION  
NOW, BUT I'D  
BETTER PLAN  
MY ATTACK  
FIRST!



AH! I'VE  
GOT IT!



SPOOK CRAWLS ONTO  
THE TABLE...

GOOD... HE DOESN'T  
SEE ME!



THE CYCLOPS IS  
TOO BUSY GORGING  
HIMSELF WITH  
FOOD TO NOTICE  
SPOOK.



SPOOK  
PICKS  
UP THE  
GIANT'S  
FORK  
AND...  
CHARGES  
ACROSS  
THE  
TABLE...



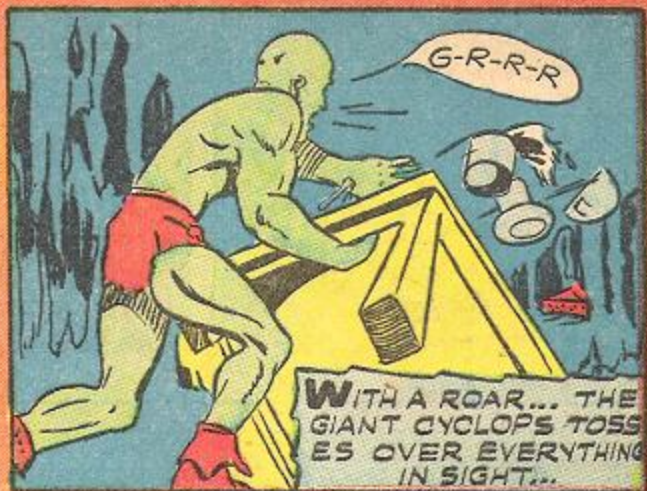
...USING THE  
FORK AS HE  
WOULD A  
LANCE.





HERE'S YOUR  
FORK, PAL!

**DEEP**  
INTO THE  
BRUTE'S  
HAND, SPOOK  
BURIES THE  
FORK.



G-R-R-R

**WITH A ROAR... THE**  
GIANT CYCLOPS TOSSES  
OVER EVERYTHING  
IN SIGHT...



I SHOULD  
HAVE BROUGHT  
A 'CHUTE!

**SPOOK**  
LEAPS TO  
THE FLOOR  
AS THE TABLE  
TOPPLES.



UH-UH!  
ONE-EYE  
SPIED ME!



FEET, GET  
GOIN'

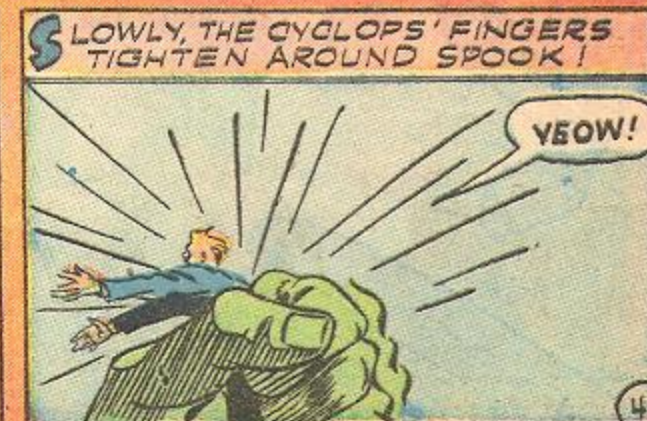


**BUT... SPOOK**  
CAN'T ESCAPE  
THE GIANT...  
THIS TIME!



**HOLDING SPOOK IN HIS**  
HAND, THE BRUTE ROARS  
WITH LAUGHTER!

HO!  
HA!



YEOW!



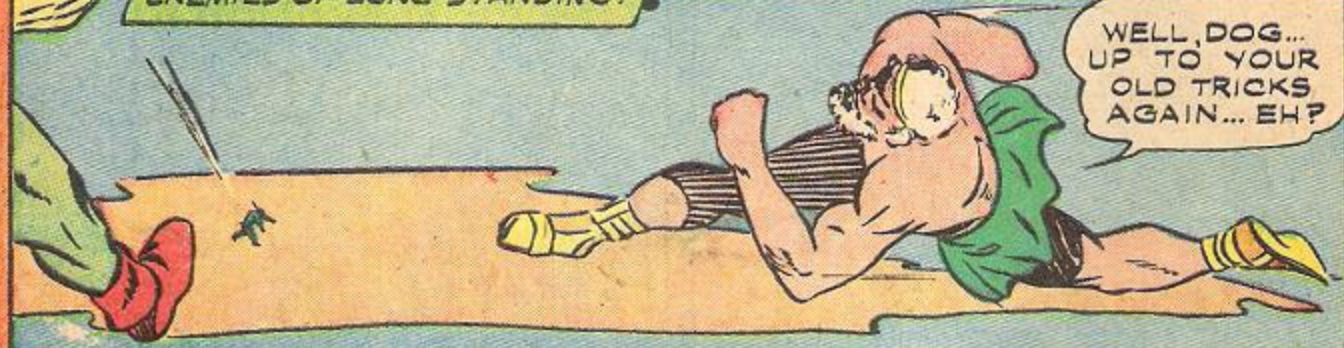


**But...**  
AT THAT  
MOMENT,  
THE DOOR  
OF THE  
CYCLOPS'  
CHAMBER  
BURSTS  
OPEN...



...AND IN STEPS  
THE GHOST OF  
HERCULES.

**The** CYCLOPS DROPS SPOOK  
AND RUSHES AT HERCULES  
FOR THESE TWO HAVE BEEN  
ENEMIES OF LONG STANDING!



WELL, DOG...  
UP TO YOUR  
OLD TRICKS  
AGAIN... EH?



**HAPPY LANDINGS!**

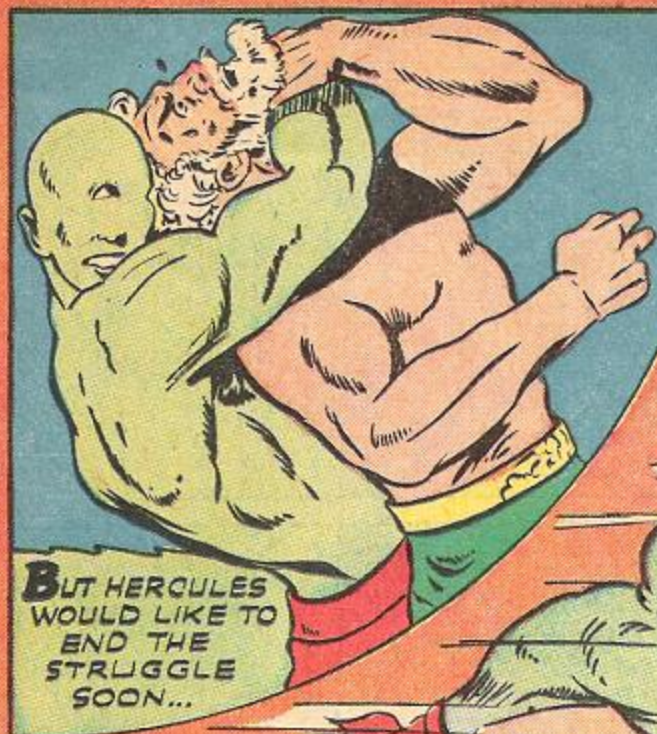


YOU'LL HAVE TO  
DO BETTER  
THAN  
THAT!

**WITH A TERRIFIC CRASH, THE TWO  
BRUTES CONTINUE THE BATTLE...**





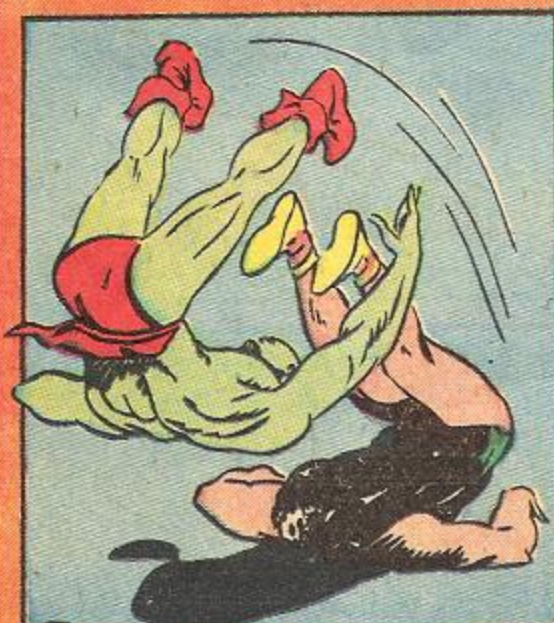
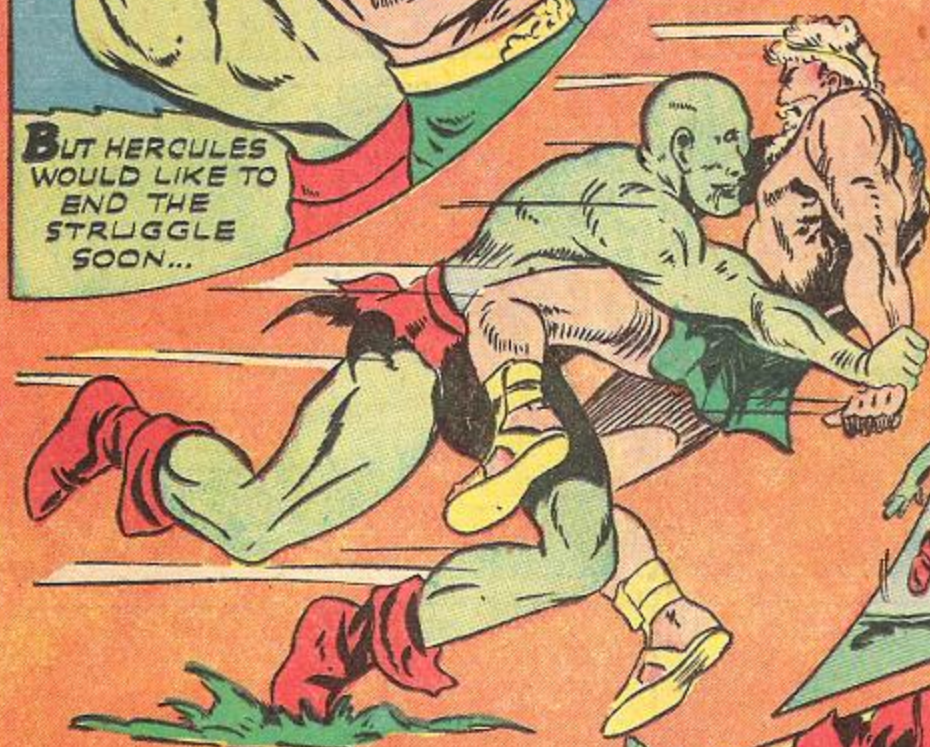


WITH ALL HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH HE FLIPS THE GIANT CYCLOPS OVER HIS SHOULDER!

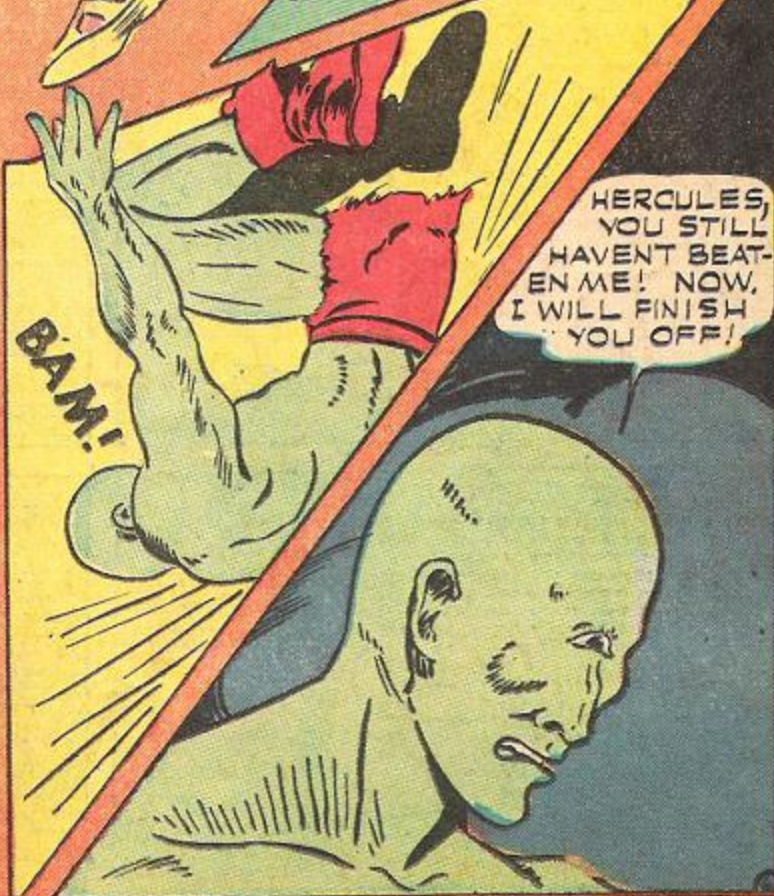


BUT THE RAGING CYCLOPS REGAINS HIS FEET AND RUSHES AT HERCULES...

BUT HERCULES WOULD LIKE TO END THE STRUGGLE SOON...



BUT, HERCULES STILL HAS A TRICK OR TWO UP HIS SLEEVE AND THE CYCLOPS FINDS HIMSELF ONCE MORE IN THE AIR.



HERCULES, YOU STILL HAVEN'T BEATEN ME! NOW, I WILL FINISH YOU OFF!







THE

## In The Painted Desert

**The** RUMORED FORTUNE IN GOLD POSSESSED BY "SHADY" SMITH, RETIRED GOLD PROSPECTOR, WHO RESIDES IN AN IMPRESSIVE CASTLE ON THE "PAINTED DESERT," EGGS ON "DUDE" MILTON, NOTORIOUS RACKETEER TO GAIN THE FORTUNE BY USING SINISTER METHODS...

**Midnight:** TWO OF "DUDE'S" MEN ARE SPYING ON THE GROUNDS OF "SHADY" SMITH'S CASTLE...

THIS JOB WILL BE A CINCH!

Suddenly...

EEOW! I'M HIT!

WHAT IN—!

YUP "SHADY" OLE BETSY TOOK CARE OF 'EM!

THOSE DURN SNOOPERS AFTER OUR GOLD, EH, "SMUT"?



**BACK INTO TOWN LIMPS THE FRUSTRATED PAIR...**

THOSE OLD CROAKS SURE CAN SHOOT STRAIGHT!

NO LUCK, EH?



**"DUDE" STARTS ACTING...**

WE'VE SPOTTED THAT PLACE LONG ENOUGH! WE'LL TAKE OVER THE CASTLE TONIGHT!

RIGHT!



THERE CAN'T BE ANY SUP-UPS! THERE'RE TEN OF US TO THE TWO DESERT RATS! WE'LL BE WALLOWING IN GOLD BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OVER!



**Q** "DUDE" BRAGS A GUST OF WIND SLIPS THROUGH AN OPENED WINDOW...



**And TWISTER PUTS IN A BREEZY APPEARANCE**

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!



WHA... WHO ARE YOU?

**"TWISTER! MASTER OF THE WIND AND IN NO MOOD FOR MONKEY SHINES! STOP THIS FOOLISH SCHEME OR..."**



**Q** CYCLONE HITS THE CONFUSED MEN...

...THIS SAMPLE OF JUSTICE WILL TURN INTO THE REAL THING... AND THEN... TOO BAD!



**A FINAL WARNING!**

REMEMBER! YOU SEAL YOUR OWN DOOM IF YOU BOTH-ER "SHADY" SMITH, OR TRY TO STEAL HIS GOLD!





AFTER TWISTER LEAVES..

AH! FORGET THAT BAG OF WIND! C'MON MEN... WE'RE CARRYIN' THROUGH!

BUT..

TWO CARLOADS OF MEN SPEED AWAY FROM TOWN...

I'LL SHOW THAT TWISTER GUY HE CAN'T TELL US WHAT TO DO!

TAKE COVER BEHIND THE CARS AND OPEN FIRE!

RIGHT!

GIVE IT TO THEM!

A WITHERING HAIL OF BULLETS SMASHES INTO THE CASTLE AS THE TWO RESIDENTS ALSO OPEN FIRE...

AGH!

OOH!

...WITH DEADLY RESULTS!

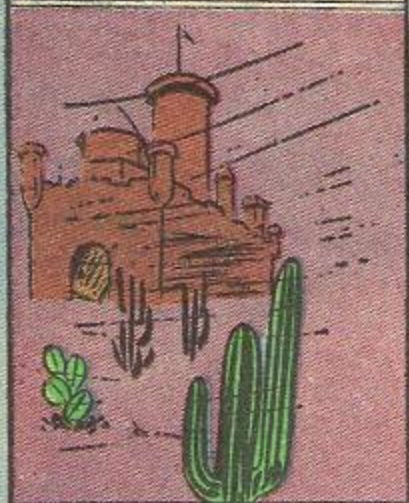
THAT'S IT! SHOOT OUT THE LOOK!

THE EIGHT REMAINING MEN OVERWHELM THE TWO DESERT PALS!

IF YOU WON'T REVEAL WHERE YOUR GOLD IS, THIS HOT POKER OUGHT TO FORCE YOU TO!



BUT... OUTSIDE... A HIGH WIND STREWS THE SANDS ABOUT... AND...



**TWISTER**  
HAS COME  
AGAIN...



THOSE  
RATS!

THIS WIND SHOULD  
COOL THAT HOT  
POKER!



WHA?

WHY, YOU NOSEY  
BREEZE... THIS  
WILL COOL  
YOU  
OFF!

HA! HA!  
YOU SOCK...  
I BOUNCE!



...BUT **YOU** TRY  
BOUNCING OFF  
THIS ONE!

OOLP!



BACK TO THE CARS,  
MEN! WE CAN'T  
FIGHT THIS  
TERROR!



**BUT**... TWISTER IS IN  
HOT PURSUIT...

WHERE'D THEY GET  
ALL THAT SPEED  
SO SUDDENLY?



WAIT... I'VE  
GOT AN  
IDEA!

YEAH?





DUDE GOES TO THE TRUNK OF HIS CAR AND PROCURES A SPARE CAN OF GASOLINE...

THIS'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY WINDY FRIEND!



C'MON, YOU TWISTER! STEP IN A LITTLE CLOSER... IF YOU DARE!



GOADED ON, TWISTER CLOSES IN AND...

HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU!



GASOLINE... UGH... I CAN'T SEE...



NOW, AIN'T THAT TOO BAD... YES, TOO, TOO BAD!

OW!



THIS MATCH SHOULD MAKE A LOVELY SPECTACLE OUT OF YOU!



MR. HOT TWISTER!

I'M ON FIRE!

But TWISTER SHOTS UPWARD A HUMAN METEOR, LEAVING THE FLAME HARMLESSLY BEHIND HIM!



WOW!

WHEW! GLAD TO GET RID OF THAT!



**TWISTER'S LEAVING RESULTS IN A SLIGHT EXPLOSION AS THE FLAME CONTACTS THE GASOLINE CAN...**

**WRIGGLING FREE OF THEIR BONDS... "SHADY" SMITH AND "SMUT" RUN OUT OF THE CASTLE...**

**UNWITTINGLY THEY WALK INTO "DUDE'S CLUTCHES!"**



WHAT WAS THAT EXPLOSION?

DUNNO!

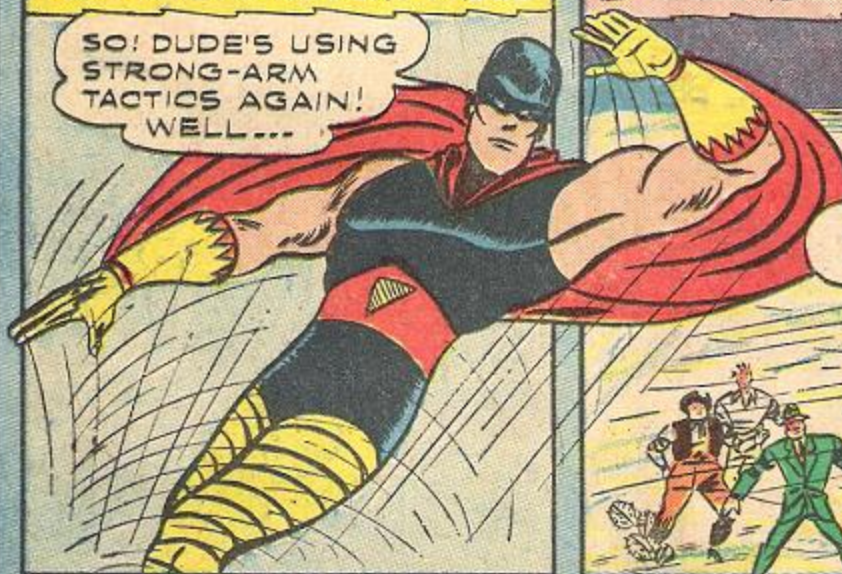


HOLD ON THERE! NOW START TALKING OR YOU'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD!



**HIGH ABOVE, TWISTER SIGHTS THE CORNERED DESERT PALS...**

SO! DUDE'S USING STRONG-ARM TACTICS AGAIN! WELL...



**TWISTER SCOOTS LOW ABOVE THE GROUND... THE SANDS RISE...**

HEY... WHAT'S HE DOING?



**...AND SOON... A HOWLING SAND STORM LASHES AT THE MEN!**

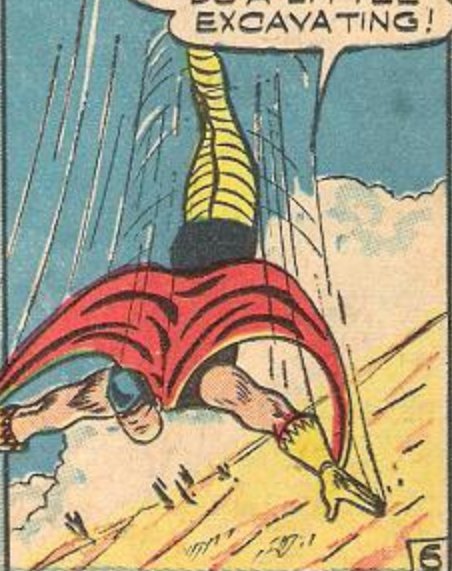
AGH! SAND... IT'S BURYS US!



**Then SILENCE... THE MEN ARE ENTOMBED IN THE SAND...**

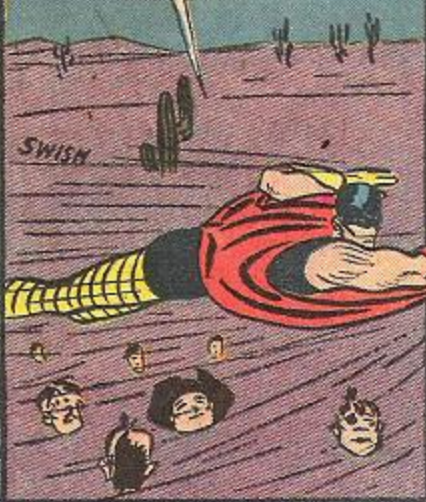


THAT WAS A PERFECT JOB... NOW WE'LL DO A LITTLE EXCAVATING!





GOING LOW OVER THEM  
NOW WILL SWEEP THE  
SAND OFF THEIR  
HEADS!



OUT YOU COME, BOYS...  
BUT THESE OTHER  
RATS ARE HERE  
TO STAY!



SAY, YOUNG FELLA... YOU  
CERTAINLY BLEW US  
OUT OF A HOLE...  
THANKS, PARD!



THINK NOTHING  
OF IT MY  
FRIEND!

WHAT  
ABOUT  
US?



DON'T WORRY... THE  
POLICE WILL BE HERE  
TO ATTEND TO YOUR  
LITTLE PROBLEM!



BY THE WAY SMITH...  
WHERE IS YOUR  
GOLD HIDDEN?



HO! HA! WE TURNED IT ALL  
IN WHEN THE PRESIDENT  
CALLED IN THE GOLD A  
FEW YEARS AGO! PEOP-  
LE JUST THINK WE  
STILL HAVE GOLD HID-  
DEN SOMEWHERE... HA!

HAH!



SMART BOYS! GUESS  
YOU WON'T BE BOTH-  
ERED ANYMORE...

WE... HOPE... NOT..



-BLOWS IN AGAIN  
NEXT ISSUE

ANOTHER.....  
RIP  
SNORTIN'  
ADVENTURE!



# THE PHANTOM SUB

By FOS



INVOLUNTARY 'OUTLAWS', THE PHANTOM CREW AND THEIR SUPER-SUBMARINE, THE PHANTOM SUB, ROAM THE SEAS RIGHTING WRONGS! IN THEIR FIRST BRUSH WITH THE EVIL COMMANDER SOOKA, THE WATER-GUN WAS DAMAGED AND SOOKA ESCAPED. SOOKA PLOTS REVENGE ON THE PHANTOM SUB AND NOTHING WOULD PLEASE THE PHANTOM CREW BETTER THAN TO RID THE SEAS OF SOOKA'S EVIL PRESENCE!!

THE PHANTOM CREW IS VERY BUSY REPAIRING THE WATER-GUN, WHEN --

AHOY!

LOOK! A SHIP'S BOAT FILLED WITH MEN!



THE LIFEBOAT IS SOON ALONGSIDE.

OUR SHIP WAS TORPEDGED BY SUBMARINES TEN DAYS AGO. WE NEED FOOD AND WATER BADLY..... COULD YOU GET US INTO A PORT?



YOU'RE TOO MANY FOR US TO CARRY BUT WE CAN TOW YOU TO A SMALL ISLAND NOT FAR FROM HERE. WE CAN SET YOU UP IN CAMP ON THAT ISLAND!

FINE!





TAKING THE LIFEBOAT IN TOW, THE PHANTOM SUB SOON REACHES THE ISLAND--



SEARCHING PARTIES HAVE BEEN SENT OUT TO FIND A GOOD CAMPING SPOT. WHEN--



-JACK, THIS ISLAND ISN'T DESERTED AFTER ALL! COME SEE WHAT I'VE FOUND!

NOT DESERTED? THAT'S FUNNY--- WELL, LET'S GO!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

I DON'T GET IT! IT'S JUST AN INLAND LAKE WITH NO ENTRANCE FROM THE SEA. BUT WHY THE DOCKS?

AND THOSE STORES! THERE'RE MUNITIONS FOR AN ARMY DOWN THERE!



THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE AROUND. LET'S GO DOWN AND LOOK THE PLACE OVER!

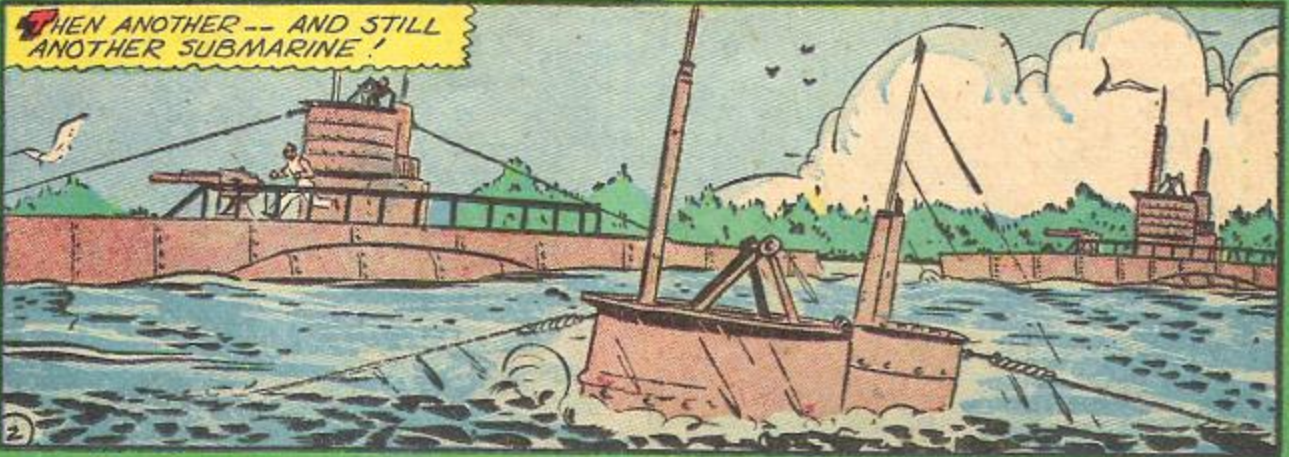
NO, JACK! LOOK! SOOKA!



FOLLOWING SLIM'S POINTING FINGER, THE OTHERS SEE A SUBMARINE BREAK THE SURFACE OF THE LAKE!



THEN ANOTHER -- AND STILL ANOTHER SUBMARINE!









THE TERRIFICALLY COMPRESSED PROJECTILE OF WATER SMASHES THE WOODEN DOCK TO BITS!!

ZING

WHAT WAS THAT?

LOOK! IT'S THAT SUPER-SUB!

GOOD! HERE I'VE BEEN PLANNING HOW TO TRAP THAT SUB AND NOW IT IS RIGHT IN MY HANDS! ... MAN ALL GUNS!

KEEP THEM IN A CROSS-FIRE AND WE'LL BLAST THEM OUT OF THE WATER! HA! HA! HA!

WOW! THINGS ARE GETTING HOT AROUND HERE! I HOPE JACK AND THE OTHERS HURRY UP!

MEANWHILE, THE LAND PARTY IS HARD AT WORK -

THAT'S THE WAY, FELLOWS! NOW SET THE EXPLOSIVES!

THE EXPLOSIVES SET, THE FUSE IS LIGHTED!

HERE SHE GOES!

THE LIGHTED FUSE QUICKLY BURNS TO THE END - AND THEN -

BAROOM!



DISCHARGED BY THE EXPLOSION, BULLETS AND SHELLS SHOOT IN ALL DIRECTIONS -

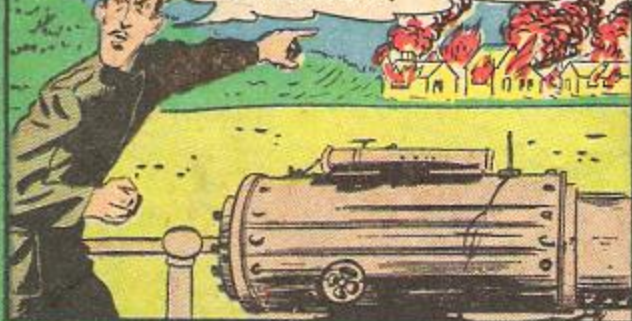


TWO OF THE SHELLS SMASH ONE OF SOOKA'S SUBS!



THE DRY WOODEN BUILDINGS CATCH FIRE -

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! SOME OF YOU MEN GET ASHORE AND TRY TO SAVE THOSE BUILDINGS!



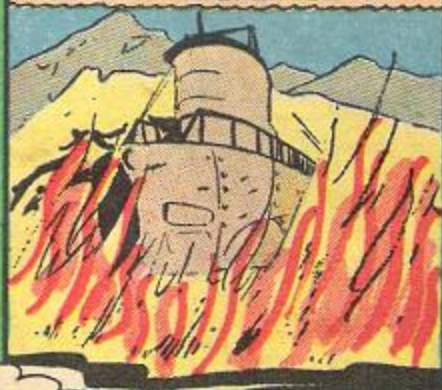
SPARKS SOON IGNITE THE OIL FLOATING ON THE LAKE.



THE WHOLE LAKE IS AFIRE! YOU'LL HAVE TO SUBMERGE AND RUN FOR IT!



BUT THE FLAMES ENVELOP THE OTHER SUB BEFORE THE MEN CAN SUBMERGE --



THE FIRE REACHES THE SUB'S OIL AND MUNITION STORES AND THEY EXPLODE!



MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE PHANTOM SUB...

HOLY SMOKE! THE FIRE'S ALL AROUND US AND IT'S TOO SHALLOW TO SUBMERGE! -- WE'LL TRY TO CLEAR A PATH WITH THE GUN!

SLIM'S IDEA WORKS! PROJECTILES OF WATER CLEAR A PATH THROUGH THE FLAMES AND THE PHANTOM SPEEDS TO THE EXIT!





THE PHANTOM SUB REACHES THE UNDERWATER EXIT, SPEEDS OUT TO SAFETY ---



AND IS SOON BACK AT THE CAMP TO JOIN JACK AND THE LAND PARTY ---

GEE, SLIM, I THOUGHT YOU WERE ALL GONERS ON THE SUB WHEN THE LAKE CAUGHT ON FIRE!

I GUESS WE WERE LUCKY... BUT TWO OF SOOKA'S SUBS ARE GONE AND HIS STORES DESTROYED!



ONLY FOUR OF THE MEN WERE INJURED, JACK, AND NONE SERIOUSLY!

GOOD! WE'LL REST NOW AND CARE FOR THE WOUNDED MEN... WE'VE GOT SOOKA IN SUCH A SPOT NOW THAT WE CAN EASILY TAKE CARE OF HIM LATER!



BUT WHAT'S THIS?... ONE OF THE YOUNG MEMBERS OF THE SHIPWRECKED CREW SLIPS UNNOTICED OUT OF CAMP ---

THEY INTEND TO WAIT TO GET SOOKA, BUT NOT I - THAT INHUMAN DEVIL KILLED MY FATHER WHEN HE SUNK OUR SHIP AND I'M GOING TO GET HIM RIGHT NOW!



MEANWHILE - A STRONG WIND HAS KEPT THE FLAMING OIL FROM SOOKA'S REMAINING SUB. OUTFITTING THIS SUB WITH ALL THE STORES THAT CAN BE SALVAGED, SOOKA PLANS TO MAKE A DASH FOR HIS HOME PORT ---

STEP LIVELY! WE HAVEN'T A MINUTE TO SPARE!



WITH EVERYTHING SET FOR THE DASH TO HOME, SOOKA'S SUB ENTERS THE UNDERWATER EXIT FROM THE LAKE ---



BUT OVER THE SEA END OF THE EXIT, THE YOUNG SAILOR WHO VOWS TO FINISH SOOKA, HAS PLANTED HIS EXPLOSIVES ---

I'LL CLOSE THAT PASSAGE SO SOOKA WILL NEVER GET OUT THIS WAY!



**S**OOKA IS IN THE EXIT!

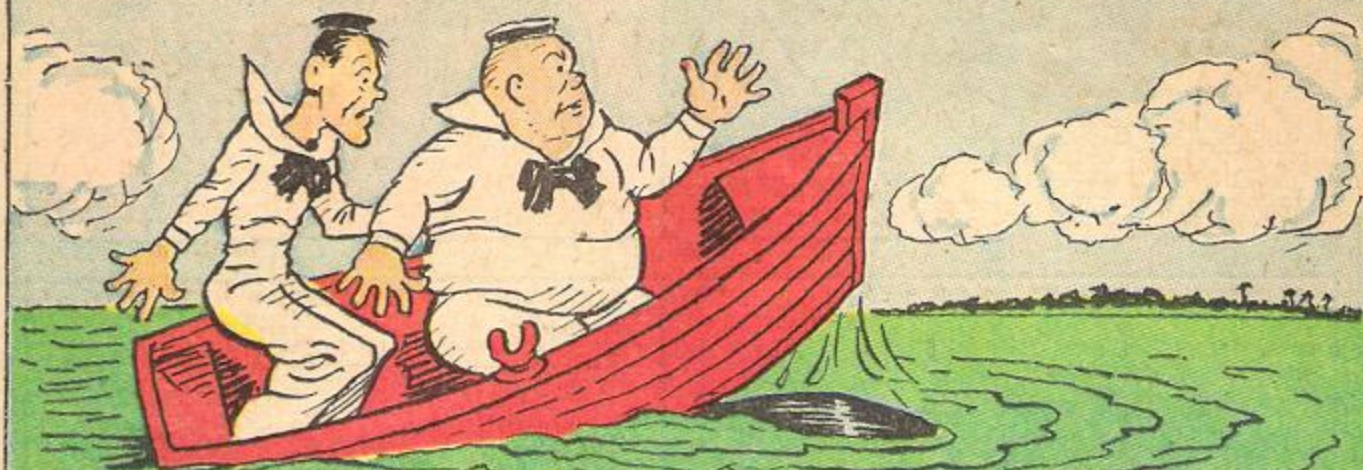
**W**ILL THIS BE THE END FOR THE MAD COMMANDER?

**M**ORE STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

**BLUE BOLT COMICS!**



# KRISKO AND JASPER ON SEA HORSE ISLAND!



OUR TWO COWPOKE PALS HEAD FOR ONE OF THE MOST RAMBUNCTIOUS RODEOS ON THE SMIRKING FACE OF THIS OLD EARTH!

## BY RAY GILL

**S**UFFERIN' SQUALLS!" roared the captain of the Calamity Jane, "We're lost at sea!" He stared wide-eyed at the compass point as it twisted crazily around and around. "We're either settin' square on the top of the North Pole . . . or else those two bilge rats, Krisko and Jasper, have thrown another monkey wrench into the works of this here ship again!"

The captain was right! Krisko, in a sincere effort to be of assistance to the radio operator . . . had wound the radio antenna around and around the bridge—the highest point he could reach on the Calamity Jane, causing an electrical disturbance that sent the compass haywire!

We take you now to the radio room, where Jasper is waiting for Krisko to return. "Hmm . . ." Jasper fingered the dials of the ship's radio, "it sure does work better now . . . can hear plain as any city radio!"

The radio tune was clear and strong. From the loudspeaker

came: "Where are those two? I'll clamp them in irons till they wither up and blow away!"

"Must be one of those radio stories . . . it's sure relaxin' to listen . . ." Suddenly he recognized the voice on the radio—it was the captain's voice—coming, through some queer freak of radio—that can only be discovered by one such as the inimitable Krisko—directly from the bridge!

"I'll hang them from the yard arms . . ." the radio continued, but Jasper was not there to listen. Like a streak of light he flashed around corners . . . sped up companionways . . . finally screeching to a stop directly below Krisko . . . perched atop the bridge.

Jasper motioned frantically for him to come down . . . but Krisko had no intentions of complying. He had a well-pleased-with-himself smile on his pudgy little mug. He had a pair of earphones clamped to the radio antenna he had just put up . . . and was listening, also, to the "radio story!"

"Go 'way, Jasper," Krisko waved his hand in annoyance, "I'm catching up on my literichur . . . this here story's about two sea goin' cowpokes like you an' me! It would do yer heart good to listen . . ."

Jasper, trying to motion to Krisko—and at the same time trying to keep out of the sight of the enraged captain—was almost a nervous wreck! "Krisko!" his voice wavered as he spoke, "them two radio cowpokes is us!"

"US?" Krisko laughed—and to prove how silly his partner's statement seemed, he leaned far over the roof ledge of the bridge and peered . . . into the captain's broiled countenance. It took our bright young friend only a few seconds to compare the actions and the movements of the captain's lips to the bellowing sounds coming over the radio earphones clamped to the sides of his head.

"YOU!" the voice on the radio screamed—and the long right hand of the captain pointed at him at the same time! This was too much for Krisko. His entire muscular system seemed to relax.



under the wilting stare of the ship's commander — and he slid off the roof, snapped upright as the earphones came to the end of their wire, and landed in a ridiculous heap at Jasper's big feet!

Jasper grabbed his collar and dragged him into a life boat hanging high on the side of the ship . . . whipped out his bowie knife, and cut the ropes that held it up! **SPLASH!** The life boat dropped like a busted elevator and bounced off a big wave like a surf board. In a few minutes

Krisko and Jasper were masters of their own boat—adrift somewhere in one of the seven seas or the five oceans . . . with all the time in the world on their hands!

"Well," Krisko sighed contentedly, as he relaxed against the bow of the boat, "now we can go where we please — and we don't have to take any more orders from that old captain! Where shall we go first, Jasper?"

"Seems like we ain't goin' anywhere . . ." Jasper looked downcast, "exceptin' where the tides want us to go!"

The two, rather dejected cowpokes settled down sadly in their "lifeless-boat" and peered after the Calamity Jane, rapidly disappearing over the horizon!

Aboard the 'Calamity' there was peace and quiet for the first time since the beginning of the voyage. "I'm not wishing them any hard luck," the captain laughed to the first mate, "but here's hoping those two bilge rats find their way to 'Sea-horse Island' — it's just the place for a couple of sea-going cowpokes like them!"

The first mate, tough as he was, gazed back with a tear in his eye at the speck that was the life boat, and said, "They was always gettin' in my hair—but I loved them just the same . . . somehow I hope they *don't* find 'Sea-horse Island' — but then, I guess they know how to take care of themselves!"

**THE SUN** was flopping below the horizon when Krisko saw it. He let out a yelp that made the alleged lifeboat rock to starboard, hurling Jasper off his spidery legs. "L-a-n-d . . . HO!"

Krisko tried hard to look like Balboa discovering the Pacific Ocean. But the effort fell short of its mark, because, if there ever was an unheroic figure, it was Krisko, what with that bean-belly and moon-like face of his.

"You onery, squash-faced butter-ball!" Jasper, disentangling himself from the mess of oars, hard-tack and salt-water puddles on the bottom of the boat, glared at his companion. But Krisko—for once — was impervious to Jasper's gentle verbal shafts. The thrill of beholding new and, perhaps, uncharted land was too much for him. Even Jasper stopped spluttering to look.

In the distance, swathed in a blue-green haze, lay a small island. Dusk was falling, lending the dim loom of land an air of mystery and beauty. Tall palms, swaying gently in the wind, were dimly silhouetted against the darkening sky.

"Purty, ain't it?" Krisko, as usual, was the first to speak.

"Hope there's food on the danged place," the practical Jasper said.

Disgust creased his pal's pudgy countenance. "Allus thinkin' of somethin' to eat!" Krisko turned, heaving a sigh that started rocking the boat again. "Ain'tcha got no romance in yer soul? Jes' lookit the place! It's the kinda island you read about in travel books . . ."

"SINCE WHEN DID YOU READ?" demanded Jasper.

"Stop breakin' my trend o' thought! . . . As I was sayin', that island's got somethin' . . . Betcha it's jes' chuckful of bee-utiful dames, waitin' to greet us with flowers and—"

"Your geography's cockeyed!" Jasper interrupted again. "We ain't nowheres near Hawaii . . . Hey!" he added, as a huge wave rose and slapped the boat, splash-

ing his long, homely phiz, "We better stop dreamin' and get to work. C'mon, grab an oar . . . 'Cause I aim to be on land in two minutes flat and wrap myself around some chow—if they got any! . . . Hustle, cowboy!"

The two planted themselves side-by-side at the oars and began pulling. "Boy . . . oh, boy!" puffed Krisko, "I kin jes' see the place—with a kind of pagoda gleamin'."

"SHUT UP AND ROW!" snapped Jasper.

The water flew in all directions as the whackiest pair that ever sat in one boat at one time rowed toward the island.

"Don't seem as though we got very far," Krisko paused to say, wiping away the sweat that oozed in gobs from his brow.

"If you'd only stop jawin', we'd—" But Jasper never finished the sentence, because suddenly the little boat crashed into something big and gray and hard, something that rose out of the haze and flung the prow upward! Jasper's long body described a graceful arc as it zoomed through the air. Krisko didn't look so graceful, but he traveled just as high and fast. Two splashes, in rapid succession, marked their entry into the drink.

"Glub!" was all Krisko could say when his plump, buoyant body bobbed to the surface. Jasper uttered a similar sound.

"We musta hit a rock!" Krisko gasped, as he got his hands going in a dog-paddle.

"If that's a rock," cried Jasper, his eyes popping, "it's the first time in all my borned days that I ever saw stone move!"

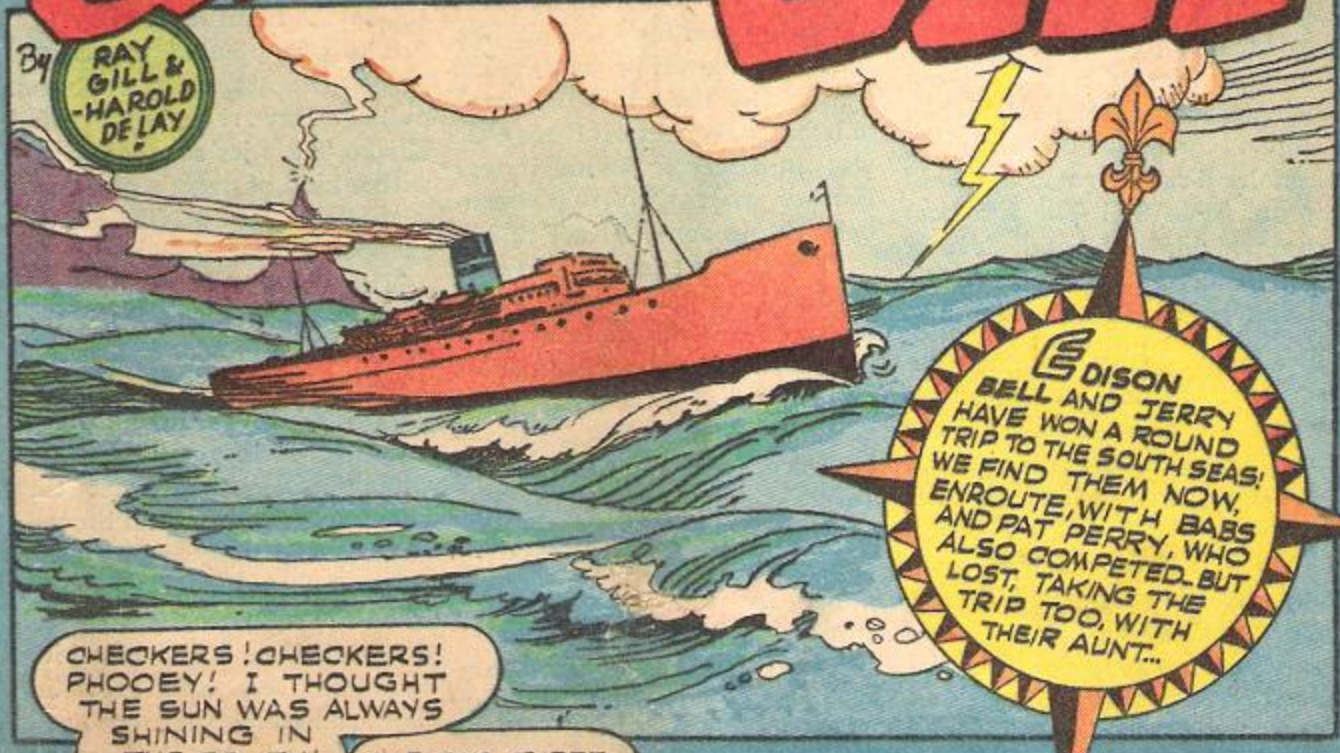
WHAT HIT 'EM?  
WHERE ARE THEY?  
WHAT IS "SEA-HORSE  
ISLAND"?

*This thrilling story will  
be continued in the next  
issue!*



# Edison BELL

By RAY GILL & HAROLD DELAY



EDISON BELL AND JERRY HAVE WON A ROUND TRIP TO THE SOUTH SEAS! WE FIND THEM NOW, ENROUTE, WITH BABS AND PAT PERRY, WHO ALSO COMPLETED BUT LOST, TAKING THE TRIP TOO, WITH THEIR AUNT...

CHECKERS! CHECKERS! PHOOEY! I THOUGHT THE SUN WAS ALWAYS SHINING IN THE SOUTH!

ONE...TWO...THREE! I WIN AGAIN!



HEAVY SEAS, AND A CONTINUOUS DOWN-POUR HAVE KEPT OUR FRIENDS INDOORS. JERRY IS FAST BECOMING BORED...

NOW! I'LL FEEL BETTER WHEN I HAVE MY TWO FEET ON THAT OLD SOUTH SEA ISLAND! IS IT STILL RAINING?

PLAY ANOTHER GAME?

I'LL SEE!



NO, IT'S STOPPED! WANT TO TAKE A WALK?

WHAT IS IT?

NO! I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA! SOMETHING THAT WILL PLEASE JERRY!



WE'LL PRETEND THAT THIS IS A DESERT ISLAND... AND EXPLORE IT FOR CANNIBALS!

OW! WHAT NEXT?

HA! HA!

GOODIE!





YOU TWO SEARCH THAT END OF THE ISLAND... WE'LL LOOK IN THE CAVES ON THIS END! BUT BE CAREFUL OF THE CANNIBALS!

WHAT HUH?

OKAY!



HEY EDDIE... WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO THEM? I'M CONVINCED THAT ALL GIRLS ARE CRAZY, NOW!

THEY'RE TRYING TO GET YOUR GOAT! STRING THEM ALONG!



I GET IT! THEY'VE NOTICED MY ANNOYANCE AND ARE TRYING TO RUB IT IN!

EXACTLY! WHY NOT BEAT THEM AT THEIR OWN GAME?

RIGHT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA FOR THEM RIGHT NOW... LET'S FIND THEM QUICK!

THEY MEET AMIDSHIPS! -- OVER THE BOILER ROOM!

...AND WE SAW A BAND OF CANNIBALS ENTERING THIS "CAVE" ... BETTER INVESTIGATE!

WE'RE OFF!



THEY FELL FOR IT!

YEA... THAT'LL KEEP THEM BUSY FOR A WHILE... I'M GOING FOR A SWIM IN THE POOL!

meanwhile...



SOME "CAVE", EH? THIS LEADS TO THE BOILER ROOM!

I THINK JERRY IS WISE THAT WE'RE KIDDING! SHH... LISTEN!



NOW WE HAFF THE PERFECT CHANCE TO DISABLE THE PANAMA CANAL!

YA! OUR PLAN TO SINK THE SHIP WITH A TIME BOMB IN THE BOILER AS IT PASSES THROUGH THE CANAL CAN NOT FAIL!

THEY'RE GOING TO BLOCK THE PANAMA CANAL!

OH! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!





They are Discovered!



THEY SEE US... OHHH!

HEY! STOP!



WAIT! LET THEM GO... YOU FOOL!

PERHAPS THEY HEARD US!

LET ME GO!



-IF YOU DON'T LET HER GO, WE'LL TELL THE CAPTAIN ABOUT YOUR PLAN TO SINK THE SHIP!

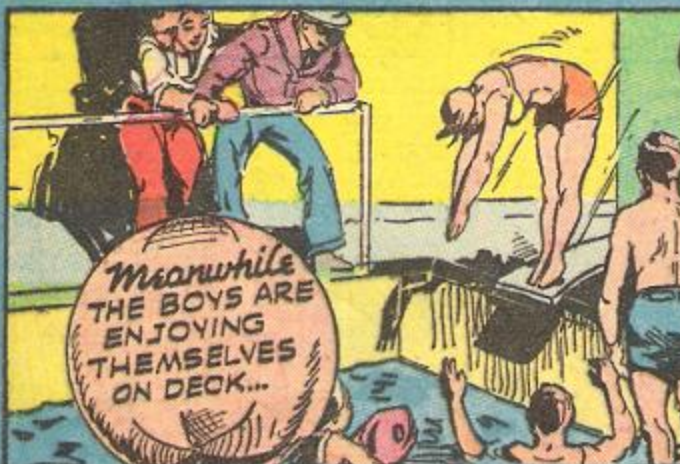
ACH! THEY KNOW! GAG THEM!



THE TWO YOUNGSTERS ARE SOON BOUND AND GAGGED...

VOT SHALL VE DO MITT DEM?

DEY CANNOT GO FREE! OUR PLAN MUST SUCCEED!



Meanwhile THE BOYS ARE ENJOYING THEMSELVES ON DECK...



HAVE YOU SEEN THE GIRLS? THEY SHOULD BE BACK BY THIS TIME!

NAW! THEY'RE ALL RIGHT...THEY'LL BE AROUND TO SEE THE BOAT THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL!



IN YOU GO!

OUR SECRET VILL GO DOWN MITT THE SHIP!



VE HAFF NOT LONG TO WAIT! OUR PLANS ARE COMPLETED!

YA! VE LEAVE DER SHIP NOW TO BE PICKED UP BY OUR SUBMARINE! THIS SHIP ISS DOOMED!

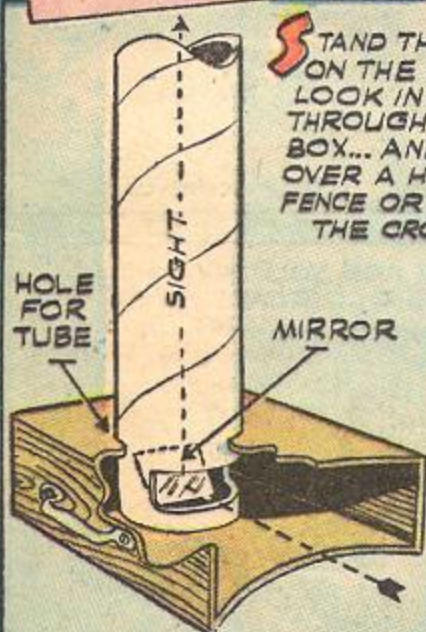
SEE THE PANAMA CANAL? FROM ALL INDICATIONS, THE GIRLS WON'T EVEN SEE IT THROUGH A PORT-HOLE!...

WILL EDDIE AND JERRY DISCOVER THIS DASTARDLY PLOT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE? MORE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT!

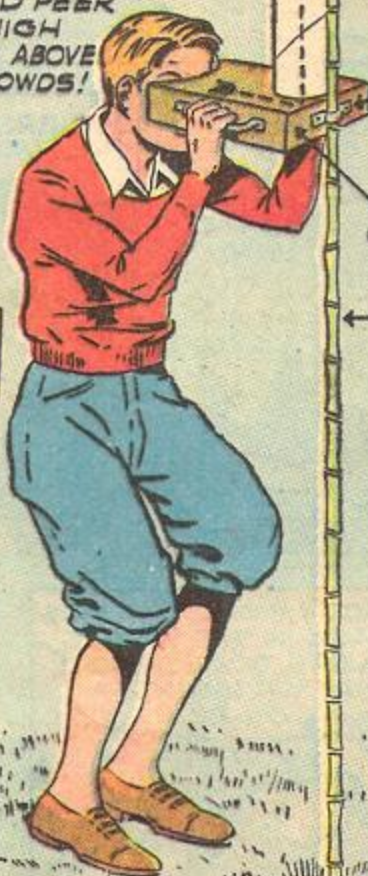


# HEY, GANG! TAKE A PEEK "Submersive Activities" with EDISON BELL'S Paper-tube PERISCOPE!

HERE'S A SIMPLE PERISCOPE, LIKE A REAL ONE ON A SUBMARINE... WHICH YOU CAN MAKE OUT OF TWO MIRRORS, A LONG CARDBOARD TUBE... (FROM A ROLL OF WRAPPING PAPER), A BAMBOO POLE AND A CIGAR BOX! METAL HANDLES, ON EITHER SIDE OF THE CIGAR BOX FINISHES THE JOB!

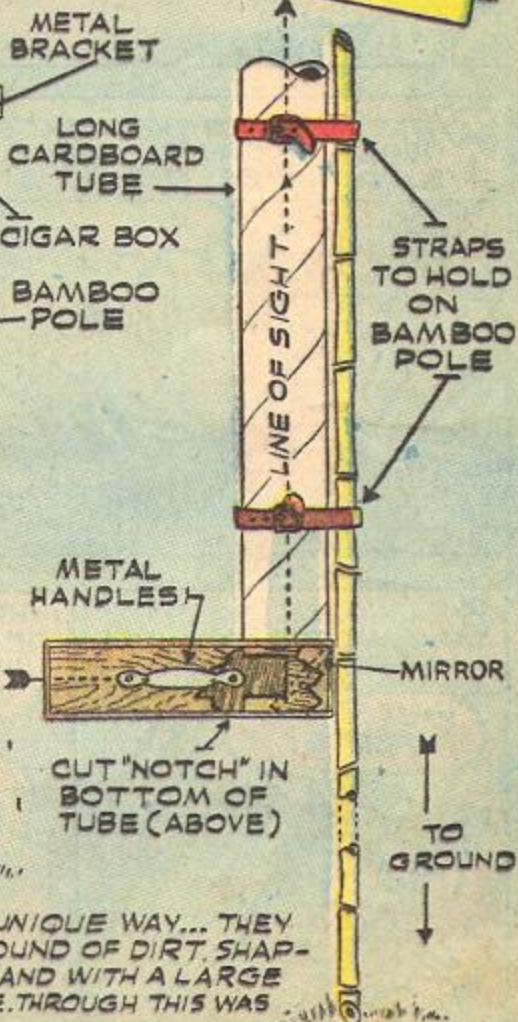
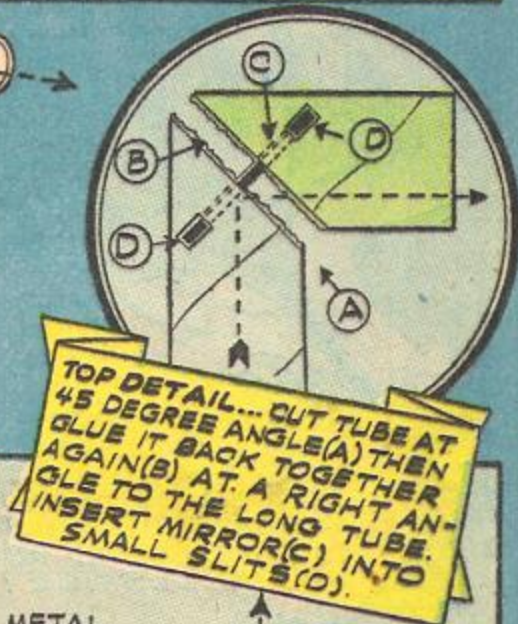


STAND THE PERISCOPE ON THE BAMBOO POLE, LOOK IN THE MIRROR THROUGH THE CIGAR BOX... AND PEER OVER A HIGH FENCE OR ABOVE THE CROWDS!



THE DETAIL OF THE BOTTOM OF THE TUBE AND THE CIGAR BOX IS SIMPLE. MOST IMPORTANT IS THE MIRROR, AT A FORTY FIVE DEGREE ANGLE. THE BOX HANDLES ETC. ARE DECORATIONS... CUT OUT ONE END OF THE BOX TO FIT THE EYES...

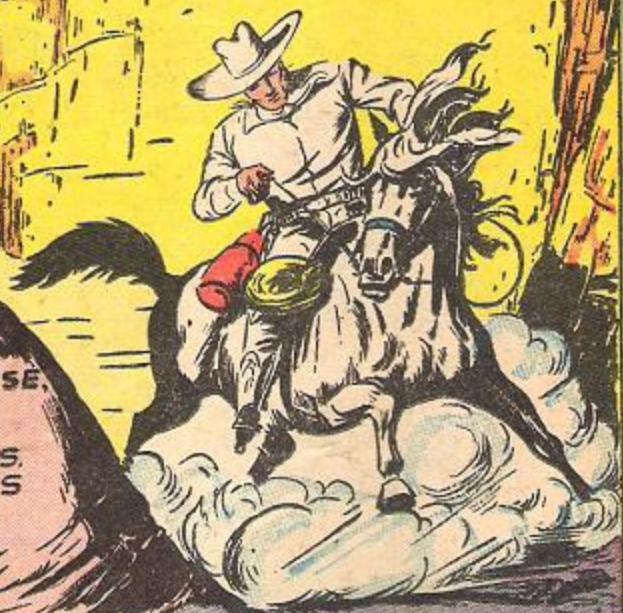
EDDIE AND JERRY USED THIS PERISCOPE IN A UNIQUE WAY... THEY BUILT A "LAND SUBMARINE" FORT, SIMPLY A LONG MOUND OF DIRT, SHAPED LIKE A SUB, WITH A SHACK, BURIED IN THE CENTER, AND WITH A LARGE WOODEN BARREL AS THEIR 'CONNING TOWER' ENTRANCE. THROUGH THIS WAS THEIR LADDER AND... THE PAPER TUBE PERISCOPE!





# The WHITE RIDER and SUPER HORSE

**the** WHITE RIDER AND SUPERHORSE, RAISED IN A HIDDEN CANYON WHERE THEIR STRENGTH AND CUNNING DEVELOPED TO SUPER PROPORTIONS, DEDICATE THEIR SUPER POWERS TO THE CAUSE OF ADVENTURE AND JUSTICE!



**W**HILE HURRYING THROUGH THE SHEER WALLS OF CANYON DIABLO, CLOUD SUDDENLY BREAKS HIS STRIDE...



WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME, OLD BOY?



**S**UPERHORSE LEAVES THE TRAIL AND GOES TOWARD A NARROW FISSURE.

HMM... HOOOF PRINTS!



NOBODY WOULD USE THIS CRACK IN THE WALL UNLESS SOMETHING WAS WRONG! KEEP ON, BOY!



**T**HEY SOON EMERGE, AND...

QUICK, CLOUD! OVER THERE!

HELP!





LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT  
THAT SHOULDER!  
WHO SHOT  
YOU?

TWO MEN...ROB-  
BED ME TOO...  
OW... MY  
ARM!

RIDER STARTS  
FOR THE  
NEAREST TOWN.

DID YOU HAVE  
MUCH  
MONEY?

A THOUSAND DOLLARS!  
JEST SOLD MY HERD!  
NOW I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN'  
LEFT TUX START  
OVER WITH!

WORSE OF IT IS, I  
DIDN'T RECOGNIZE  
THE MEN THAT  
DONE IT!

YOU  
SHOULDN'T  
HAVE SHOWN  
YOUR MONEY ALL  
OVER TOWN!

THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, LATER.

SOMETHIN'S GOT TO  
BE DONE, SHERIFF! THIS  
DASTARDLY WORK  
MUST STOP!

I'M DOIN'  
ALL I KIN,  
MR. BATCHEL!

MIGHTY FUNNY HOW  
EVERY MAN SHOWIN'  
CASH IN THIS TOWN  
GETS SHOT OR  
DISAPPEARS!

NO EVIDENCE  
TUX BACK  
THAT!

WELL, IT'S YOUR PROBLEM,  
SHERIFF... I'M  
GOING TO  
HAVE SOME  
FUN!

HERE, BUB. RESERVE THE  
BEST ROOM IN THE  
HOTEL FOR ME!

GEE,  
MISTER,  
THANKS

KEEN EYES  
WATCH HIS  
EVERY MOVE!

**F**FLASHING A ROLL OF BILLS,  
THE RIDER ENTERS THE  
GENERAL STORE...

I WANT THE BEST  
SADDLE YOU  
HAVE IN  
THE PLACE!

THIS  
ONE IS MOS'  
EXPENSIVE  
I THINK!







**A** BURLY FIGURE HALTS THEIR CRIME...FOR THE PRESENT...

BUT HE WALKED OFF WITH A LOT OF MONEY!

YOU CAN'T PULL A STICKUP IN TOWN-- TOO RAW! GET HIM IN THE CANYON!



**T**HE WHITE RIDER EXPLAINS HIS STRANGE BEHAVIOR TO CLOUD, NEXT MORNING, AS HE LEAVES.

GUESS THEY'RE WAITIN' TILL I LEAVE TOWN, CLOUD. WE'LL BE HAPPY TO OBLIGE 'EM---- LET'S GO!

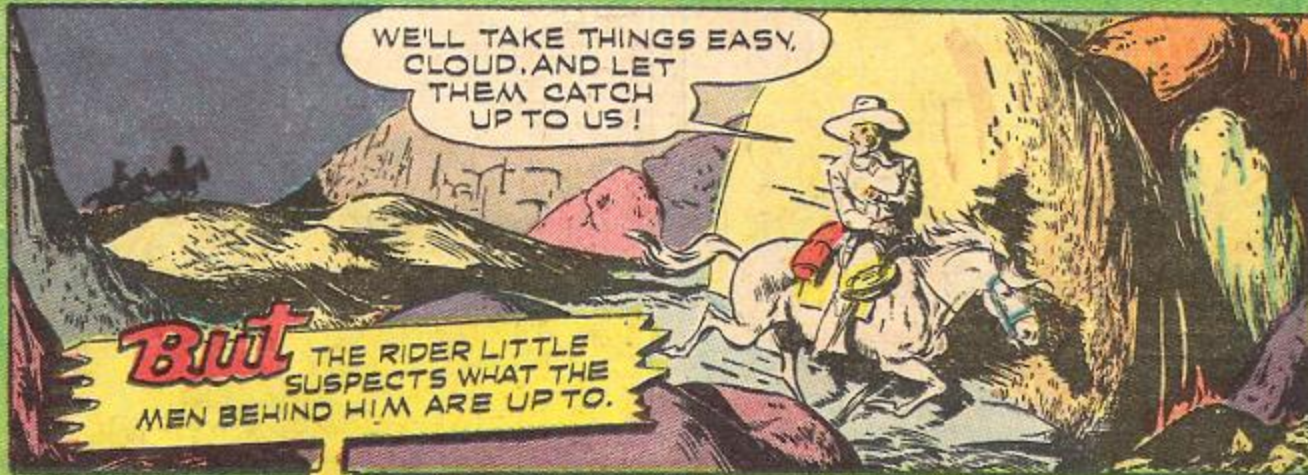


UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THOSE ARE THE MEN WE'RE LOOKING FOR!



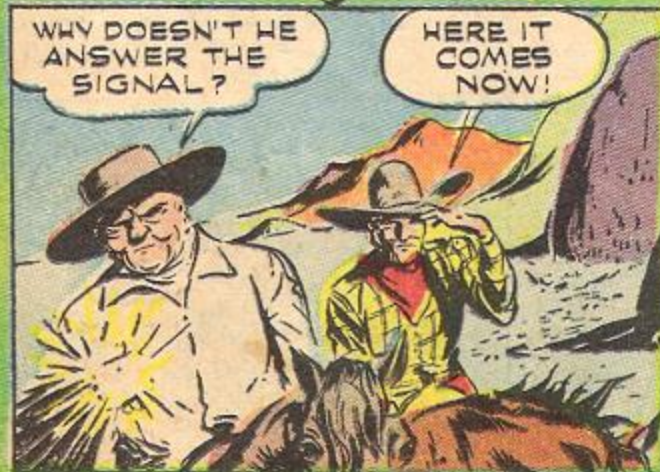
WE'LL TAKE THINGS EASY, CLOUD, AND LET THEM CATCH UP TO US!

**But** THE RIDER LITTLE SUSPECTS WHAT THE MEN BEHIND HIM ARE UP TO.



WHY DOESN'T HE ANSWER THE SIGNAL?

HERE IT COMES NOW!



GOOD! PEDRO AND JUAN WILL MEET US HALF-WAY THROUGH THE CANYON!

THE STRANGER WILL GET A MIGHTY BIG SURPRISE!





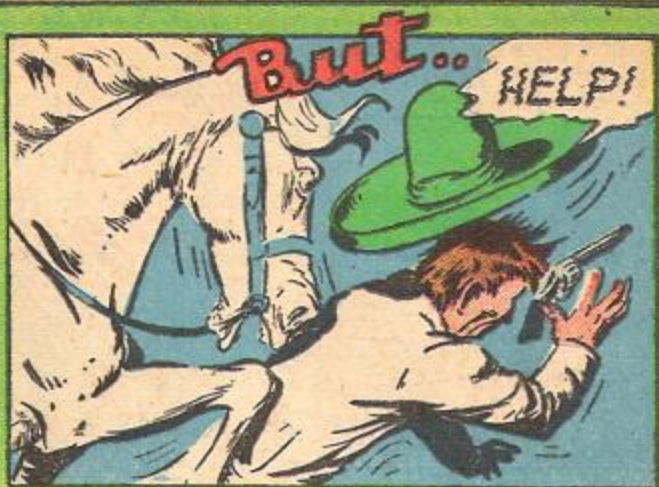




CLOUD'S FLASHING  
HOOVES PROTECT  
HIS HELPLESS MASTER.

LOOK  
OUT!

SHOOT  
THE  
DEVIL!



CLOUD HOLDS OFF THE FOUR ROBBERS  
AS THE RIDER COMES TO!

FINE WORK,  
CLOUD!

WE'LL TIE THEM WITH THEIR OWN  
ROPES, CLOUD. MAYBE A  
LONG WALK BACK TO TOWN  
WILL MAKE THEM TALK! THE  
FIRST ONE THAT FEELS  
LIKE TALKING, CAN RIDE!

LATER...  
BACK IN  
TOWN...

SUPERHORSE'S QUICK PACE IN THE  
BROILING SUN CONVINCES THEM  
AND THEY READILY TALK...

...AN' THAT'S  
THE TRUTH,  
(...PUFF...  
PUFF!)

YES

ALL RIGHT! YOU  
CAN RIDE NOW!

FINE WORK,  
YOUNG MAN!

IT'S  
BEYOND  
ME!

BUT...THEY'RE NOT ALL  
CAPTURED...YET!

HE'S THE MAN BACK  
OF IT ALL! HE PUT US  
UP TO IT!

WHY, YOU  
LIAR!

YEH? WE GOT EVIDENCE  
SHOWS YER WITH US! IF  
WE GOTTA HANG FER  
DOING YER DIRTY  
WORK...YOU HANG  
WITH US!

THAT'S RIGHT,  
SHERIFF! BATCHER  
OWNS THE STORE AND  
ASSAYER'S OFFICE. HIS  
STOOGES TIPPED HIM OFF  
WHEN ANYONE SHOWED  
MONEY.... THEN HE'D  
HAVE THE VICTIM TRAILED  
AND ROBBED!

**S**UPERHORSE  
CARRIES THE  
WHITE RIDER  
INTO ANOTHER FAST  
ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH!



# OLD CAP HAWKINS' TALES

WHAT ARE  
YOU  
READING,  
CAPTAIN  
?

A RETIRED MARINER TELLS HIS LITTLE PAL,  
JOEY, TALES OF AMERICA'S GREAT TRADI-  
TIONS AND OF THOSE WHO MADE THEM--

I'M READING WHITTIER'S  
POEM--ABOUT BARBARA  
FRIETCHIE--WHO LOVED  
HER FLAG MORE THAN  
HER LIFE--WHICH SHE  
RISKED WHEN SHE  
SAID.....

"SHOOT IF YOU MUST, THIS OLD  
GREY HEAD -- BUT SPARE  
YOUR COUNTRY'S FLAG!"

BARBARA FRIETCHIE



ON APRIL 12, 1861, THE CONFEDERATES FIRED  
ON FORT SUMPTER, AND THE WAR BETWEEN  
THE STATES BEGAN!



SUMPTER FIRED BACK BRAVELY--BUT.....



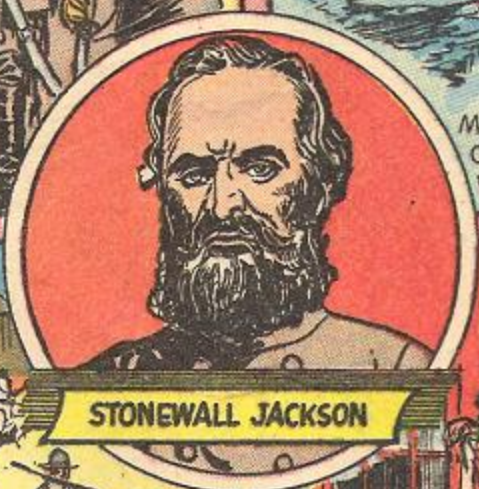
WAS SOON REDUCED  
TO RUINS AND.....



THE WAR BLAZED INTO A  
DESPERATE BARBARIC  
CONFLICT!



ON THE SEA, THE  
MODERN ARMORED  
BATTLESHIP WAS BORN—AND  
IN THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE  
MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC, THE  
OLD-FASHIONED WOODEN MAN-O-  
WAR WAS COMPLETELY REPLACED.



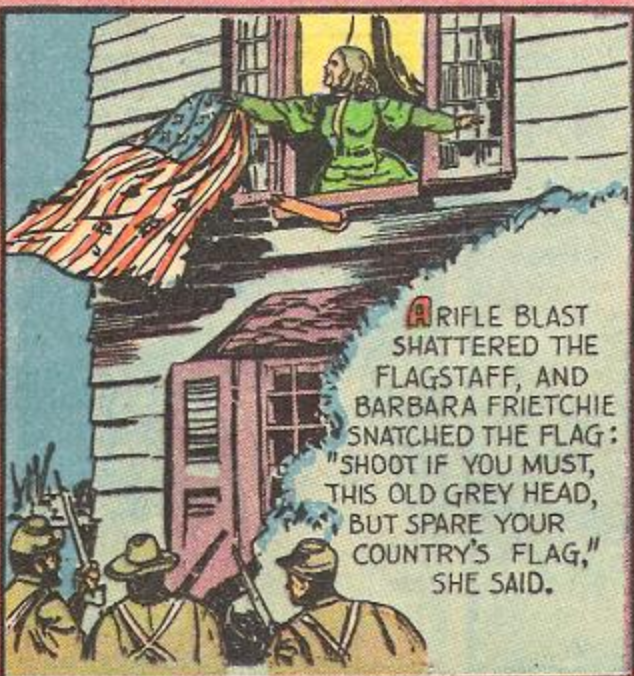
STONEWALL JACKSON



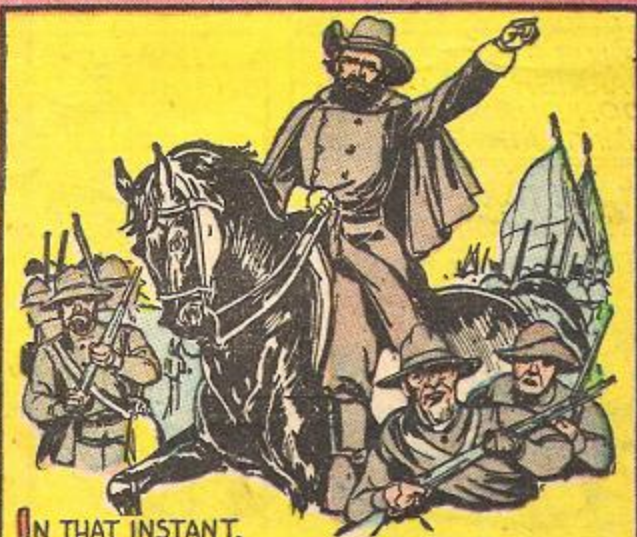
ONE FALL DAY  
STONEWALL  
JACKSON LED  
HIS MEN INTO  
FREDERICK,  
MARYLAND.



AT HIS COMING, THE CITIZENS TOOK IN THEIR  
AMERICAN FLAGS. PATRIOTIC BARBARA FRIETCHE,  
ALONE, HAD THE COURAGE TO FLY OLD GLORY  
FROM HER WINDOW FLAGSTAFF.



A RIFLE BLAST  
SHATTERED THE  
FLAGSTAFF, AND  
BARBARA FRIETCHE  
SNATCHED THE FLAG:  
"SHOOT IF YOU MUST,  
THIS OLD GREY HEAD,  
BUT SPARE YOUR  
COUNTRY'S FLAG,"  
SHE SAID.

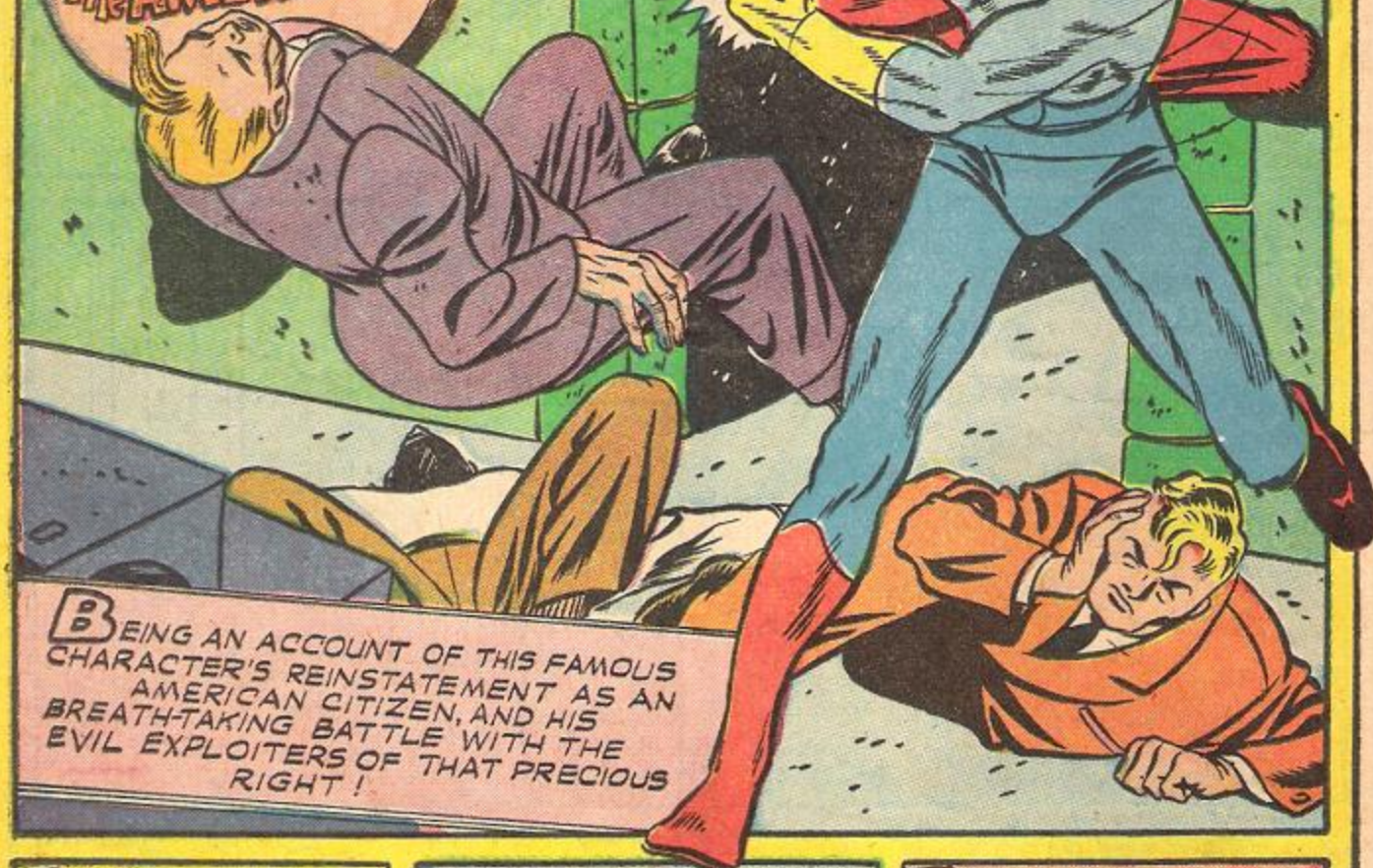


ON THAT INSTANT,  
GENERAL JACKSON APPEARED ON THE SCENE,  
AND REPLIED TO THE WOMAN'S CHALLENGE—  
"WHO TOUCHES A HAIR ON YON GREY HEAD  
DIES LIKE A DOG! MARCH ON!"



# BLUE BOLT

The AMERICAN



**B**EING AN ACCOUNT OF THIS FAMOUS CHARACTER'S REINSTATEMENT AS AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, AND HIS BREATHTAKING BATTLE WITH THE EVIL EXPLOITERS OF THAT PRECIOUS RIGHT!

**B**LUE BOLT AND KIP PARRISH ARE IN LONDON DURING A VIOLENT AIR RAID...

WOW! THAT ONE'S AN INCENDIARY!



**B**LUE BOLT EXTINGUISHES THE BLAZE WITH SAND...

THIS DOES THE TRICK!



**T**HE FIRE OUT, THE BOYS BUY A LATE NEWSPAPER ON THE WAY TO THEIR HOTEL.

HOLY CATS! MORE SABOTAGE IN AMERICA!

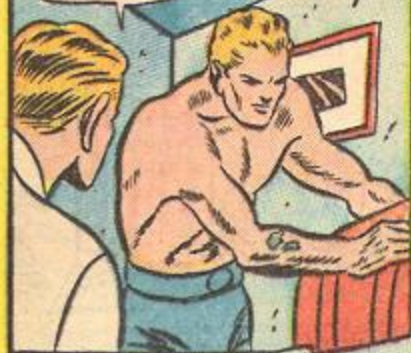
YES! AND I'M GOING BACK THERE!





ACTUALLY, KIP, I AM AN AMERICAN! I FEEL I MAY BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS SABOTAGE!

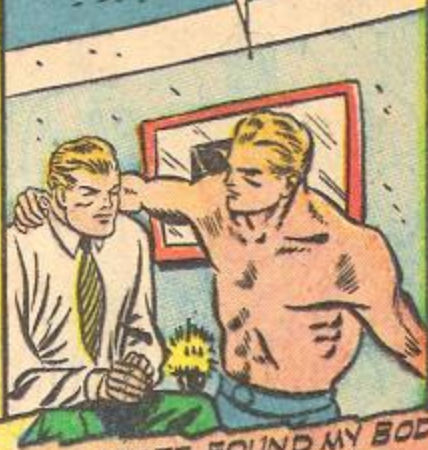
BRITAIN NEEDS AMERICA'S HELP! SABOTAGE SLOWS IT UP! HEY...



... THAT BIRTHMARK! I'VE GOT ONE JUST LIKE IT! MY BROTHER HAD ONE TOO!



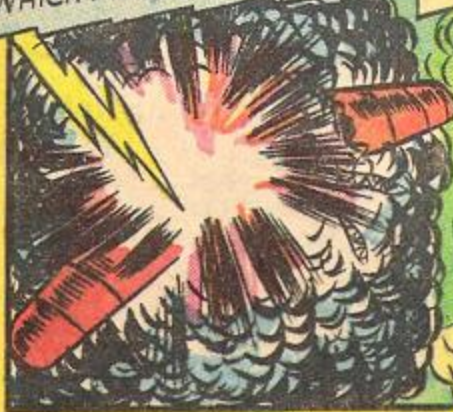
I AM YOUR BROTHER! THE STORY'S SO STRANGE I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME... REMEMBER...



"... THAT TERRIBLE ELECTRIC STORM THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE KILLED ME? WELL, IT OPENED A TREMENDOUS HOLE IN THE EARTH INTO WHICH I FELL UNCONSCIOUS.

"... STRANGE UNDERGROUND MEN, LED BY A GREAT SCIENTIST, BERTOFF, FOUND ME, THEY TOOK ME TO THEIR WEIRD UNDERGROUND WORLD."

"BERTOFF FOUND MY BODY HAD BECOME IMBUED WITH ELECTRICITY. HE BEGAN TO EXPERIMENT WITH THE IDEA OF MAKING ME A SUPER DEFENDER OF HIS REALM WITH ELECTRICAL FORCE."



"MONTHS WENT PAST... MY MEMORY OF LIFE ABOVE THE EARTH VANISHED! I JOINED BERTOFF'S BATTLE WITH THE SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD... THE GREEN SORCERESS!"



"AFTER A VIOLENT STRUGGLE WHICH LASTED FOR MANY YEARS... WE FINALLY DEFEATED HER!"

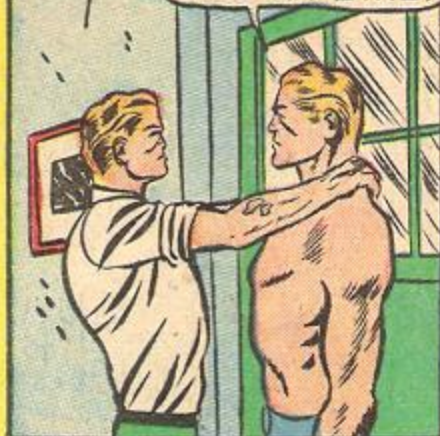


ONE DAY I SAW YOU IN BERTOFF'S TELEVISOR! YOU WERE JUST JOINING THE R.A.F. I CAME UP HERE TO HELP YOU!



AMAZING! BUT... WE MUST PART... SO SOON!

I'M AFRAID SO, LAD! AMERICA NEEDS ME... IF SHE WILL HAVE ME!



THE NEXT DAY, BLUE BOLT GOES TO THE AMERICAN EMBASSY.

SORRY, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE PROOF THAT YOU'RE AN AMERICAN! I CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO ENTER!



SHUT OFF FROM THE LAND OF MY BIRTH, BECAUSE I CAN'T PROVE CITIZENSHIP! I WONDER IF BERTOFF COULD HELP!..



STYMIED, BLUE BOLT RETURNS TO BERTOFF'S UNDERGROUND KINGDOM...



DR. BERTOFF, I'VE COME FOR ADVICE!

GLAD TO SEE YOU BOY! I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR ADVENTURES ON THE TELEVISOR!

MY POWERS CAN HELP AMERICA TO FIGHT THESE SABOTEURS - BUT THEY WON'T ALLOW ME TO ENTER THE COUNTRY! I CAN'T PROVE IDENTITY!

WERE YOU EVER FINGERPRINTED?



LET ME SEE... BY HEAVENS! YES! ONCE AT COLLEGE! DURING A CRIMINOLOGY COURSE! THE RECORDS MAY STILL BE THERE!



THEN YOU MUST RE-ENTER AMERICA BY SOME WAY AND GET THOSE RECORDS AND SHOW THEM TO THE AUTHORITIES! BUT YOU MUST BE CAREFUL!





ONE MORE THING: THERE'S A RING OF CRIMINALS IN THE U.S. SELLING FAKE CITIZENSHIP PAPERS TO UNDESIRABLE ALIENS. A MAN NAMED KROUT, IN N.Y., IS THEIR LEADER!

BLUE BOLT IS OFF TO NEW YORK.

AH! AMERICA! GOSH... THIS AIR SMELLS GOOD!



SUDDENLY!

HEY! WHAT'S THIS! I THOUGHT GANGSTERISM WAS DEAD!

HE LEAPS TO THE SIDE OF THE BLOODY FIGURE.

A.C. RING... CITIZENSHIP RACKETEERS... I-I TALKED TOO MUCH...

EASY, OLD MAN!

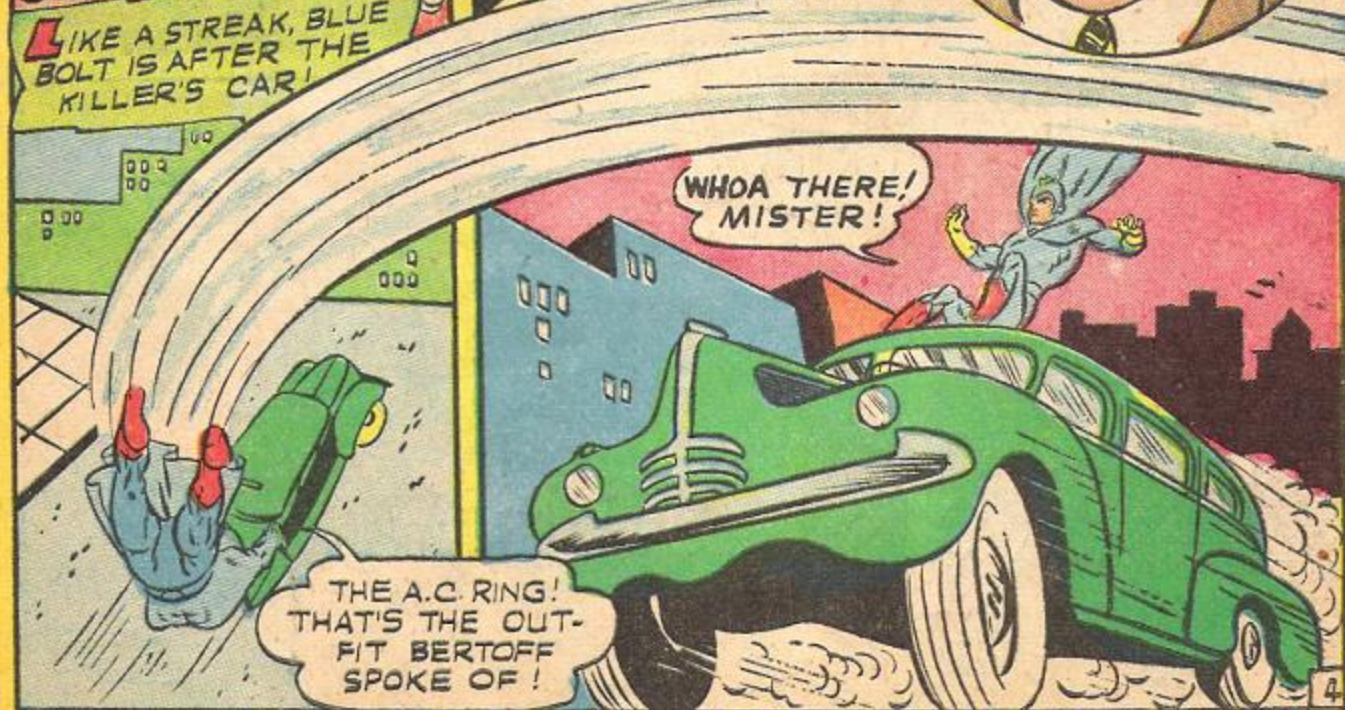
YOU MUST GET THEM... THEY'LL KEEP ON KILLING IF THEY AREN'T STOPPED!



LIKE A STREAK, BLUE BOLT IS AFTER THE KILLER'S CAR!

WHOA THERE, MISTER!

THE A.C. RING! THAT'S THE OUT-FIT BERTOFF SPOKE OF!



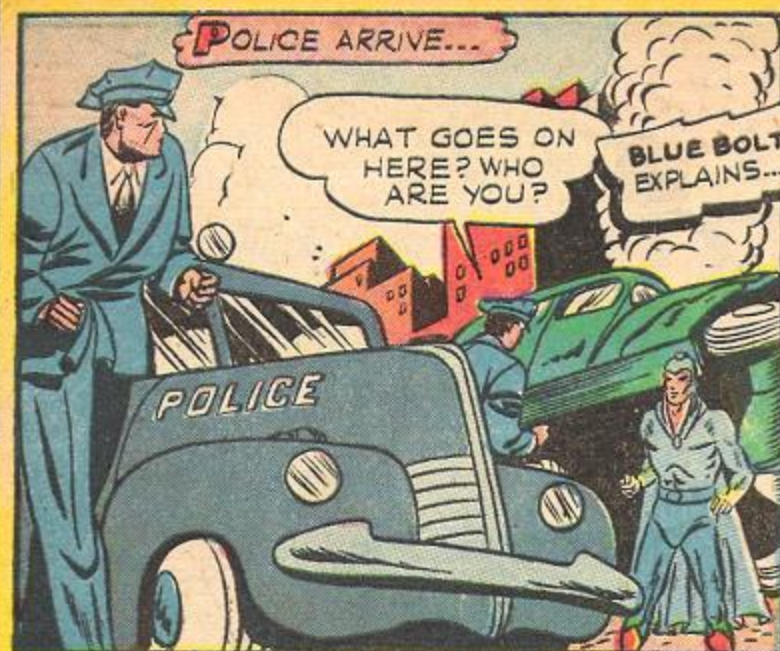




BEFORE HE CAN STOP THEM,  
THEY ARE OFF AGAIN  
WITH THEIR COMRADE!







—AND THEY JUST KILLED A MAN BACK THERE! THEY BELONG TO A CITIZENSHIP RACKET KNOWN AS THE A.C.RING!

OH, YEAH? WHAT ABOUT YOU? I'LL BET YOU'RE AN ALIEN! YOU LOOK LIKE ONE!



SORRY, BOYS! BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE DEPORTED, YET!



I'M GOING TO GET AT THOSE RECORDS BEFORE I GET INTO MORE TROUBLE!



HE ARRIVES ON THE CAMPUS OF HIS FORMER COLLEGE.

THOSE RECORDS SHOULD BE IN THIS BUILDING!



TO HIS GREAT JOY, HE FINDS THE PAPERS!

AT LAST! PROOF THAT I AM A REAL AMERICAN! NOW I CAN GET BUSY AFTER THOSE LEECHES!



"BLUE BOLT THE AMERICAN" ONCE AGAIN ENJOYS THE PRIVILEGE OF BEING AN AMERICAN. HE FIGHTS TO KEEP THIS SACRED RIGHT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

**BLUE BOLT**



# KRISKO and JASPER

**YANH!** YOU'RE  
JUST TEACHER'S  
PET, YOU ARE!

TISK-TISK-, LOOK  
JASPER, TH' FIRST  
MATE IS MAKIN'  
FACES AT ME!

*The GOOD SHIP  
CALAMITY JANE  
SAILS ON, LITTLE  
REALIZING HOW TWO  
DESPERATE MEN ARE  
PLOTING TO SEIZE  
OR DESTROY THE  
SHIP, ALREADY SAVED  
SEVERAL TIMES BY  
THE PLAIN DUMBNESS  
OF KRISKO AND JASPER.*

by  
**JACK A.  
WARREN**

YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK?

I THINK THAT FIRST  
MATE IS ONE OF THEM  
FIVE COLUMNISTS!

**NO!**  
WHAT  
?

WE'LL TRAIL HIM UNTIL HE  
THROWS A LONG  
ROPE AND THEN!

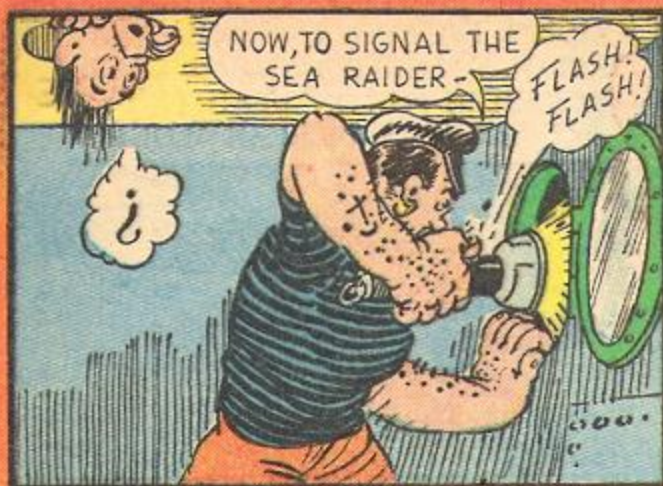
GIT BACK!  
HE'S UP TO  
SOME  
DASTARDLY  
DEED.

AH-H-- THE COAST IS  
CLEAR---NO ONE'S WATCH-  
ING. I'LL FREE MY PAL NOW,  
AND SIGNAL THE SEA  
RAIDER IN  
THESE  
WATERS!

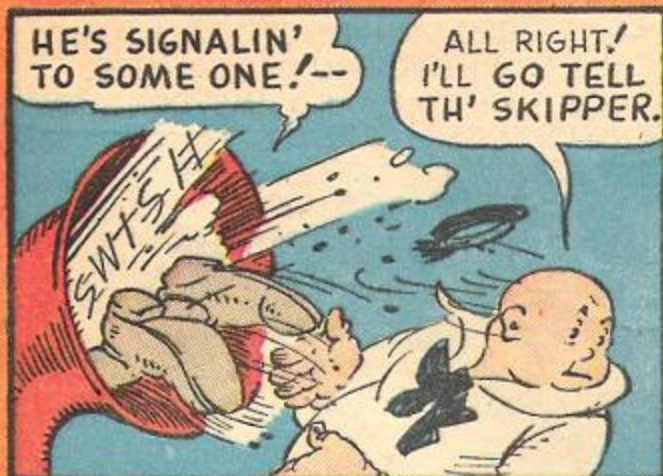
HE WENT BELOW. I'LL HOLD YOUR  
FEET, WHILE YOU LOOK DOWN TH'  
VENTILATOR.

UB-  
GLUB





AND OUT IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT—THE ENEMY RAIDER PROWLs.  
AH-H—! JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR, 'TIS THE SS. CALAMITY JANE.





LAY TO THEM OARS, COWBOY. THERE'S GONNA BE ONE GRAND DISPLAY OF FIRE-WORKS IN THIS VICINITY--PRONTO!

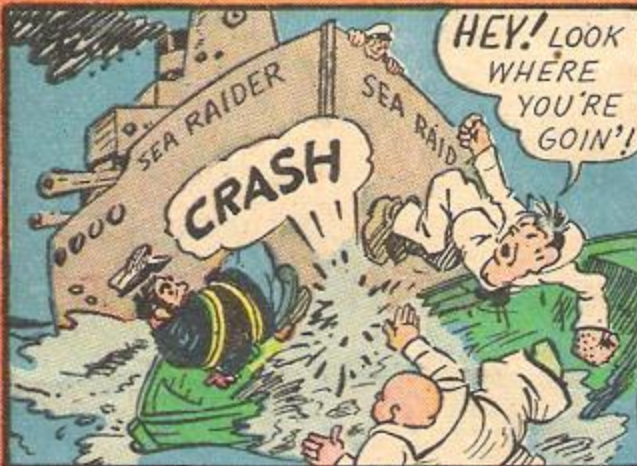
BOOM!  
BOOM!

KRISKO, I'VE BEEN THINKIN'-- THAT FIRST MATE, NAMED GRAVEDIGGER, MUSTA BEEN PLOTTIN' DEATH AND DESTRUCTION FOR US, RIGHT ALONG.

BOOM!

**BOOM**

AND THERE'S TH' LAST OF OLD CALAMITY JANE AND HER CARGO OF DYNAMITE. LOTTA GOOD YOU COULD HAVE DONE STAYING WITH HER-- EH!  
CAP'N?



HEY! LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'!

TISK-TISK! THIS IS A PRETTY MESS WE IS IN--

-O' SHUT UP, BIG BRAIN!-- PHOOEY ON YOUR GRAND IDEAS--WISH I WAS BACK PUNCHIN' CATTLE



WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! YOU?

AIN'T YOU DEAD YET?

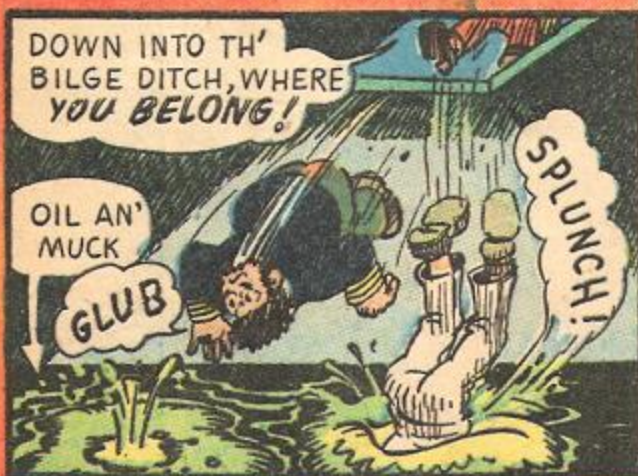
WELL I'LL BE A RING-TAILED RANNYHAN. YOU TWO?

YES! GENTLEMEN, WE TWO!

SKIPPER--LET ME HAVE THE LITTLE ONE FOR A PET. GR-R-R!!









# SUB-ZERO

ME CHILLUM  
TOO!

HERE'S A KID  
WITH A SENSE OF  
HUMOR THAT WILL  
SEND COLD CHILLS  
UP YOUR SPINE!

WATCH OUT  
FOR THIS RAT!  
HE'S A  
KILLER!

FREEZUM

KLONDIKE

THAT GOLD  
WILL ALL  
BE MINE!

TRAVERS

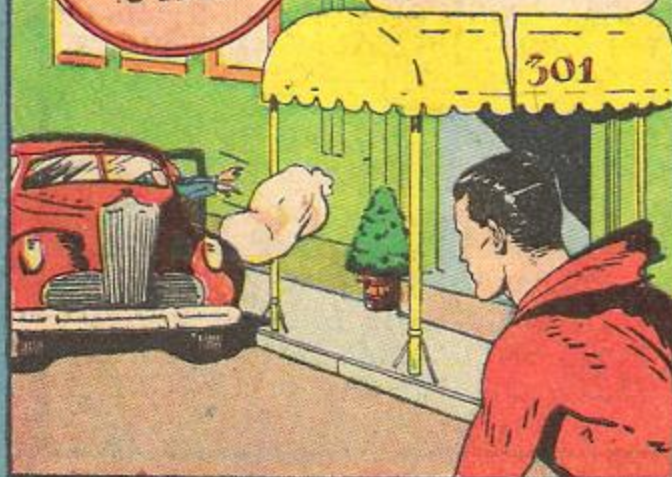
**I**T'S BATTLE, MURDER AND  
SUDDEN DEATH... AND A NEW  
PARTNER FOR SUB-ZERO...  
AS THE MAN OF ICE HITS THE  
TRAIL FOR THE FAR NORTH!  
HERE'S THE CAST OF CHARAC-  
TERS IN THIS, SUB-ZERO'S  
LATEST ADVENTURE...

**S**TROLLING  
ONE DAY ON  
PARK AVENUE,  
SUB-ZERO IS  
SURPRISED  
TO SEE...

THROWING A  
LAUNDRY BAG  
IN FRONT OF THE  
RITZIEST HOTEL  
IN TOWN! IT LOOKS  
QUEER TO ME!

**S**UB-ZERO OPENS THE BAG...

A MAN... MURDERED!  
I'VE GOT TO CATCH  
THAT CAR!





**S**UB-ZERO JUMPS INTO A TAXI.

DRAW ALONGSIDE THEM, DRIVER... I DON'T WANT TO DISRUPT TRAFFIC!

**H**E HURLS A FREEZING BLAST AT THEIR ENGINE!

DON'T GO AWAY BOYS!  
I WANT TO HAVE  
A TALK WITH  
YOU!

WHAT  
TH!!

BLAM!

C'MON TRAVERS,  
LET'S GIT!

JUST A  
SECOND!

*The* BULLET GRAZES  
SUB-ZERO'S HEAD...

YEOW!

ZING!

GANGWAY!

WE'LL BEAT IT  
THROUGH A SIDE  
ENTRANCE!

**S**UB-ZERO REGAINS  
HIS SENSES...

THOSE GUYS  
GOT AWAY!

I SEE...  
TAKE ME  
BACK TO THAT  
LAUNDRY BAG. MAYBE  
WE'LL FIND A  
CLUE THERE!



**P**OLICE ARRIVE ON THE SCENE...

KNIFED AND TORTURED!  
ANYONE HERE RECOGNIZE HIM?

SHORE...THAT'S  
MY PAL,  
CORSON!

**T**HE MAN WHO SHOUTED,  
STEPS FORTH...

I'M KLONDIKE BILL... ME  
AN' CORSON WERE  
HERE FOR A  
SPREE!

"LAST  
MONTH WE  
HIT A  
BONANZA  
UP NORTH!"

A HUNDRED THOUSAND BUCKS  
SO FAR...GOTTA KEEP IT  
SECRET, KLONDIKE!  
WE HAVEN'T TRACED  
THE WHOLE VEIN, YET!

THERE WAS A CROOK NAMED  
TRAVERS ON OUR TRAIL...  
HE WANTED THE  
LOCATION OF  
OUR GOLD  
MINE!

HE PROBABLY GOT IT BY  
TORTURING YOUR FRIEND!  
IF YOU WANT HELP  
CHASING TRAVERS,  
I'M AT YOUR  
SERVICE!

WHO ARE  
YOU?

PEOPLE CALL ME SUB-ZERO! MY HOBBY  
IS MASTERING THE COLD  
HEARTS OF CRIMINALS!

OKAY, SUB-ZERO!  
WE'LL TAKE THE NEXT  
PLANE WEST AND BOARD  
THE ALASKA BOAT AT SEATTLE!  
A FELLOW LIKE YOU OUGHT  
TO FIT RIGHT INTO  
MY COUNTRY!



**ALASKA BOUND!**

WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME  
IF TRAVERS WUZ  
ABOARD THIS TUB  
IN DISGUISE!

WE'LL KNOW... SOON  
ENOUGH! HE'LL  
SHOW HIS  
HAND!

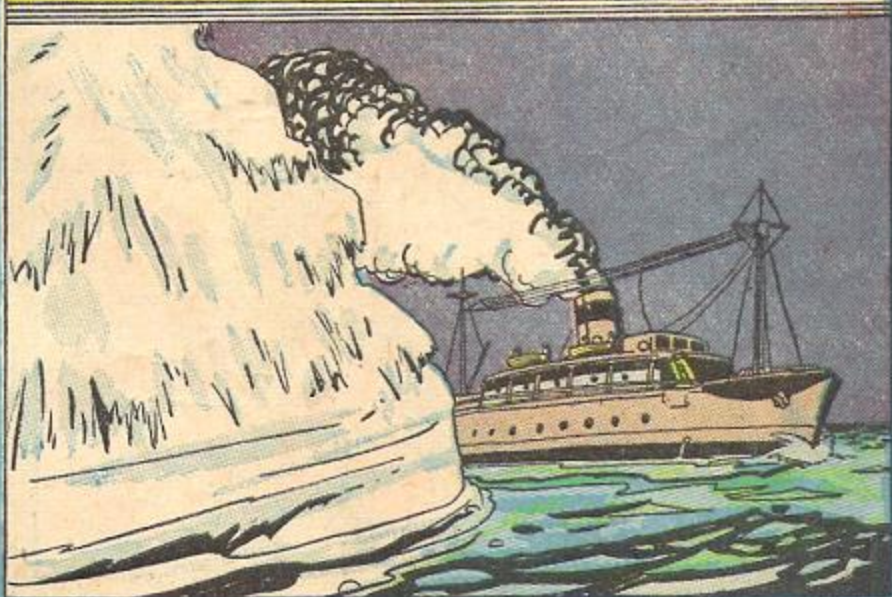


*Night comes... FOG...*

ICEBERG OFF THE PORT  
BOW! IT'S BEARING  
DOWN ON US!



**T**HE LITTLE STEAMER SWERVES... TOO LATE...



I'VE GOT TO  
STOP IT!



**S**UB-ZERO CREATES A PATH OF ICE  
BETWEEN THE SHIP AND ICEBERG...

LOOK!  
WE'RE SAVED!





**CS** THE SHIP STEAMS PAST...

WHAT THE...? SOMEONE'S  
INSIDE THAT ICEBERG...  
IMPRISONED!



IT ISN'T POSSIBLE  
HE'S ALIVE...BUT!

HEY!



A LITTLE ESKIMO BOY! LOOKS  
LIKE HE'S SLEEPING! I'LL  
CHIP THE ICE  
FROM HIM!



**S**UB-ZERO REMOVES THE  
BOY FROM THE ICE -  
WALLED PRISON AND...

GET A DOCTOR, KLONDIKE,  
QUICKLY!!



**Later**

INCREDIBLE!  
THIS YOUNGSTER  
IS ALIVE!

SUSPENDED  
ANIMATION...  
AMAZING!



**W**HEN THE BOY AWAKENS, A BLAST OF COLD  
SHOOTS FROM HIS BODY...

BR...R-R-R!

PULLING MY STUFF, EH?

THIS LAD HAS OBVIOUSLY  
GAINED POWERS SIMILAR  
TO MINE FROM HIS  
LONG STAY IN THAT  
ICEBERG!





**D**URING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, SUB-ZERO SHOWS THE LAD HOW TO CONTROL HIS STRANGE POWER...

IT'S JUST A MATTER OF WILL POWER! I THINK YOU'VE GOT THE TRICK. NOW!

GOOD THING! OTHERWISE MIGHT MAKE SHIP LOOK LIKE NORTH POLE IGLOO!



AND NOW, SON... TELL ME HOW YOU GOT INTO THAT ICEBERG?

MY FOLKS AND I, HUNTING IN KAYAKS... STORM COME...



"PARENTS DROWN, I CLING TO ICE... ME REMEMBER NO MORE..."



I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR FOLKS... BY THE WAY, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

NAME HARD TO SAY IN ENGLISH! CALL ME FREEZUM!



*Suddenly...* IN THE COMPANIONWAY BEHIND SUB-ZERO APPEARS A SINISTER FIGURE...



**A** KNIFE WHIZZES TOWARD SUB-ZERO, BUT...

SEE... I CONTROLLUM COLD!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!



DISAPPEARED! I'LL BET IT WAS TRAVERS!

ME NOT KNOW HIM, BUT HE MUST BE NICE FELLER!





LATER,  
IN THE  
DINING-  
ROOM...

SO...YOU SEE...  
HE SAVED  
MY LIFE!

I LIKE A KID  
WITH NERVE! SAY,  
FREEZUM, HOW  
WOULD YOU LIKE  
ME FOR A  
FOSTER  
FATHER?

TOO LATE!  
ME ALREADY ADOPT  
SUB-ZERO, HAH!

SUDDENLY THE QUIET OF  
THE SALOON  
IS DISTURBED...

HEY, WAITER!  
HURRY WITH THAT ROAST!  
I'M STARVED!





**B**ELLOWING WITH RAGE...  
KLONDIKE POUNCES ON  
THE ESKIMO LAD...

I'LL TEACH YER TO  
PLAY TRICKS!



THIS IS GOING  
TO HURT ME MORE  
THAN YOU!



YEOW!  
HE FROZE HIS  
PANTS!



**F**REEZUM LEAPS TO HIS  
FEET AND FLEES WITH  
KLONDIKE IN PURSUIT...

HA! HA!  
HA!



*Meanwhile...*... A FIGURE  
STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS!

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO  
KILL THE OLD BUM!



**R**EACHING A TURN, FREEZUM  
WHIRLS AND SEES...

DUCK... KLONDIKE! MAN  
WITH GUN!



**B**UT THE IRATE KLONDIKE  
KEEPS COMING...

- STOP BULLET,  
- BUT FREEZE  
KLONDIKE, TOO!



**BUT...**  
AN  
ACCOMPLICE  
APPEARS!

THAT FINISHES YOU!  
OKAY, TRAVERS, YOU CAN  
GIVE IT TO THE  
OLD GUY!





THE COMMOTION DRAWS SUB-ZERO INTO THE FRAY!

TRIVERS...I WAS RIGHT!  
AND HE'S ABOUT  
TO SHOOT  
KLONDIKE!



AS THE OTHER THUG DESCENDS  
A COMPANIONWAY, SUB-ZERO  
COVERS THE STAIRS WITH ICE...

THAT  
DISPOSES  
OF YOU!

OK.  
KID?

FREEZUM  
FINE... HOW'S  
KLONDIKE?

BR-R-R!  
THOUGHT  
I'D NEVER  
THAW  
OUT!

HALP!



THE TWO THUGS ARE HUSTLED TO THE  
BRIG...AND SUB-ZERO FREEZES  
A CONFESSION FROM THEM...

THANKS FOR THE  
CONFESSION,  
BOYS!

Z!!K!!  
ON BLA!!



LATER...AT AN ALASKAN PORT.

SO LONG,  
FELLERS!  
TOO BAD  
YOU  
CAN'T  
STAY!

SORRY...BUT  
THERE'S WORK  
TO DO BACK  
HOME!

ME TOO...SUB-ZERO  
SAYS I'LL MAKE  
GOOD AIR COND-  
ITIONING EXPERT!



FOLLOW  
THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
**SUB-ZERO**  
AND HIS  
NEW PAL,  
**FREEZUM**  
IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF  
**BLUE BOLT**

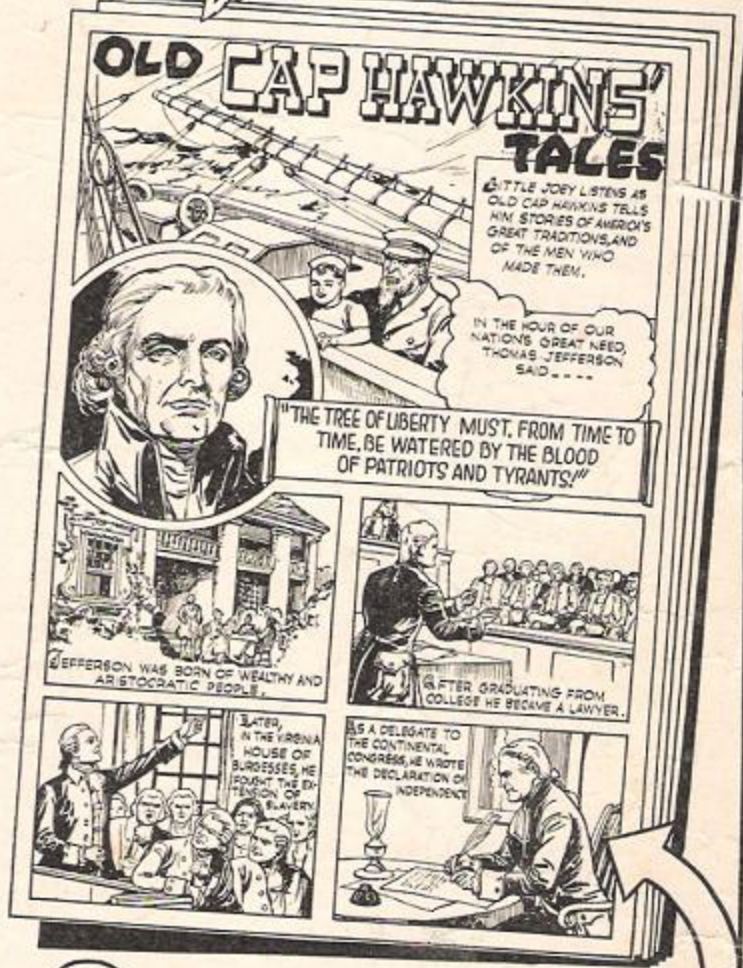


# Yes! REALLY and TRULY

HERE are some Art Narrative Features which thrill even grown-ups --- Mothers, Fathers, Teachers and Educators!

In **TARGET** Read:

In **BLUE BOLT** See:



ONE of the greatest adventure stories ever written, which your teacher may have you read as part of your school work -- done in beautiful art narrative form in **TARGET** Comics. Show it to your teacher; use it in describing characters in compositions; or design scenes for a "Treasure Island" school play from it.

These true-to-fact episodes of American History will make more thrilling to you the lessons in American History as you study at home or in the class room.

You will remember history longer when it is presented in exciting, adventurous, picture form.

Every Boy And Girl Likes  
"Treasure Island"  
in **TARGET** Comics

Old Cap Hawkins' Tales  
in **BLUE BOLT** Magazine

The features that please, and give you useful knowledge as you read ... found only in the above magazines.  
Besides, regular thrilling features.

at your favorite newsstands ... everywhere







**GOOD LUCK RING**  
Some people believe this ring does bring good luck. Why not try it? Fits any finger **12c**



MO-144



MO-169

**POCKET TELESCOPE**

Closed—2 3/4" long; 1" longer when opened. A 3-power glass. Lenses optically ground and polished. Very useful on hiking trips ..... **37c**

**"4-LEAF" CLOVER**

A real genuine four-leaf clover—no imitation—is sealed in this LUCKY KEY RING. "GOOD LUCK AND BETTER TIMES" is the message sent with each order. Chain—but no keys—included ..... **25c ea.**



MO-153

**BUGLE BOY  
PLAYS BUGLE CALLS JUST LIKE A REAL BUGLE**



MO-154

A genuine musical instrument, 5 3/8" long, made of Tenite, an unbreakable plastic material. Only four notes to play—D, G, B, and D. Blows like a whistle. Plays all regular bugle calls, just like a regulation "G" bugle. Can be played with real bugles as well as with Tonettes and other standard pitch instruments in the key of "G". Complete with instruction chart ..... **25c**



**THE "MYSTERY" KNIFE**

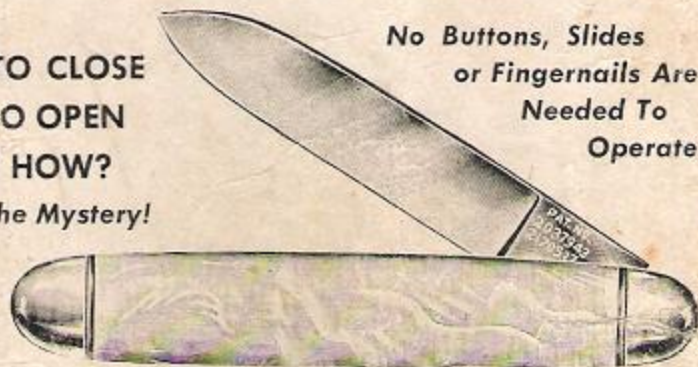
**EASY TO CLOSE  
EASY TO OPEN  
BUT HOW?**

*That's The Mystery!*

**No Buttons, Slides  
or Fingernails Are  
Needed To  
Operate**

MO-186

**29c**



(cut actual size)

Amaze your friends with this new "HAMMER BRAND" sensation! No buttons, slides or fingernails are needed to "open" or "close". Imitation pearl handles. Brass linings. Full polished, tempered, razor steel blade. Complete operating instructions enclosed.

**THE GOLDEN GALLEON MIXTURE**

Unsorted Stamp Treasures from World Missions!

MO-185 **\$1.50**

A real thrill for collectors! A one pound box of unsorted postage stamps, mostly on pieces of original cover,

just as received from foreign mission houses and other sources! Includes about 2,500 stamps from more than 75 countries. Each box also contains a Special Prize Set of Stamps having a price in the Standard Postage Stamp Catalog of two or more dollars. Most of the stamps are, of course, European. Many other interesting lands are represented, and you may come across a real "find".



MO-143

**AUTOMATIC  
DIME REGISTER  
BANK**

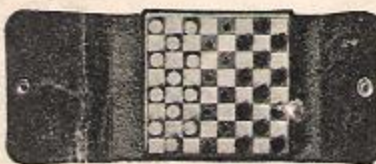
Put a dime in this bank every day and watch the total grow! The first dime put in locks the bank . . . the last one unlocks it . . . and by that time you'll have \$10.00 saved! Automatic recorder shows amount in the bank at all times. Yours for only **15c**



MO-158

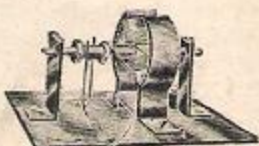
**CHECKER GAME**

A real game, pocket size. When folded, is only 3 1/4" square. Checkers, included, cannot slide off board **20c**



**SPECIAL "6-4-5" OFFER  
SIX FOR THE COST OF FIVE!**

Get five of your friends to order one each of the same prize and to pay you for it. Mail the name and address of each of these persons to TREASURE HOUSE, together with payment for the cost of FIVE and we'll send one of that same prize to you **FREE—SIX IN ALL.**



MO-146

**ELECTRIC MOTOR KIT**

Build your own motor. Instructive and entertaining. Will operate small toys. Complete instructions and parts.

**15c**

Send Your Order and Remittance to



**Treasure House** Dept.

115 West 19th Street  
New York, N. Y.

NOVELTY PRESS INC.



Customers living outside the United States must remit in U.S. currency only and must pay all duty charges on delivery of merchandise.



